Oct. 18, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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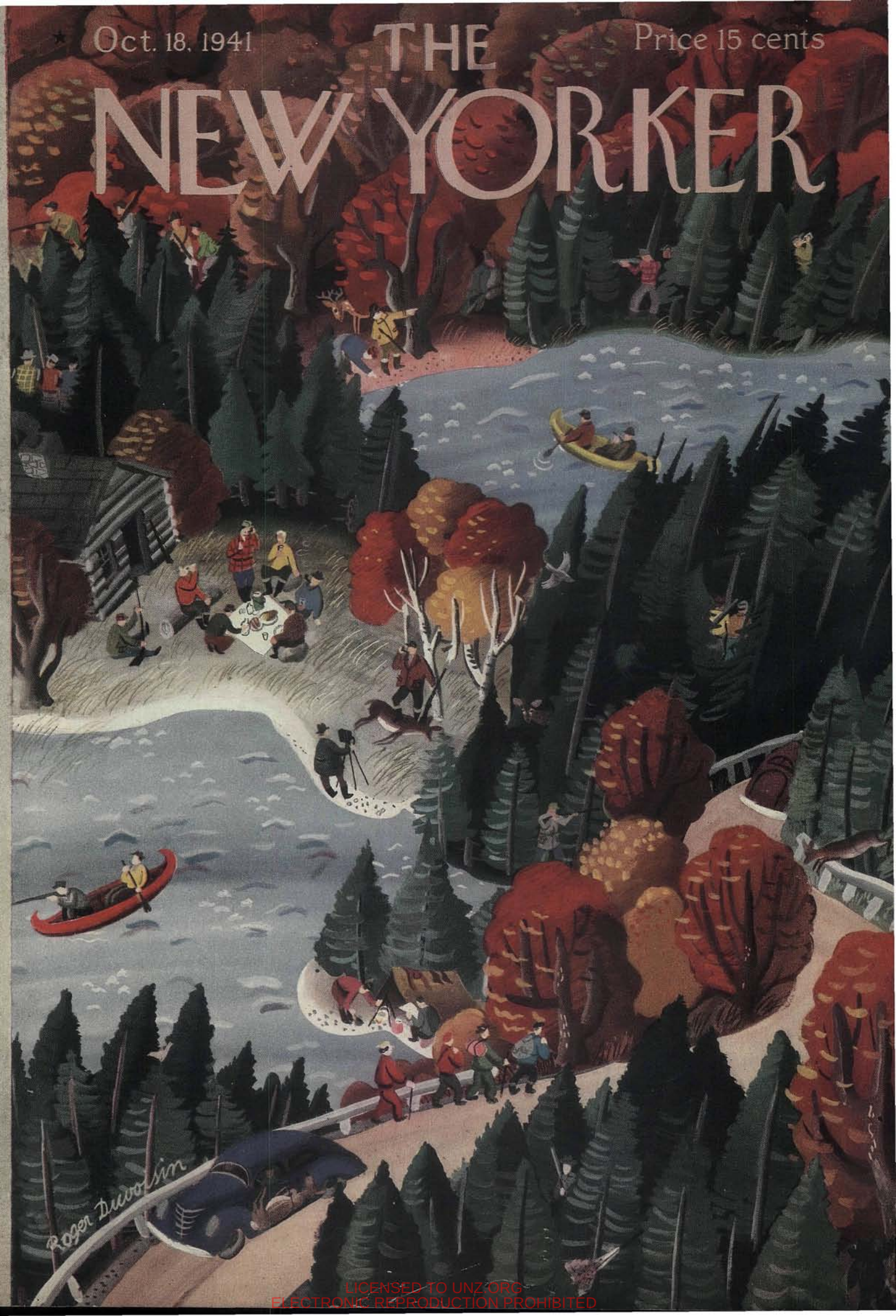

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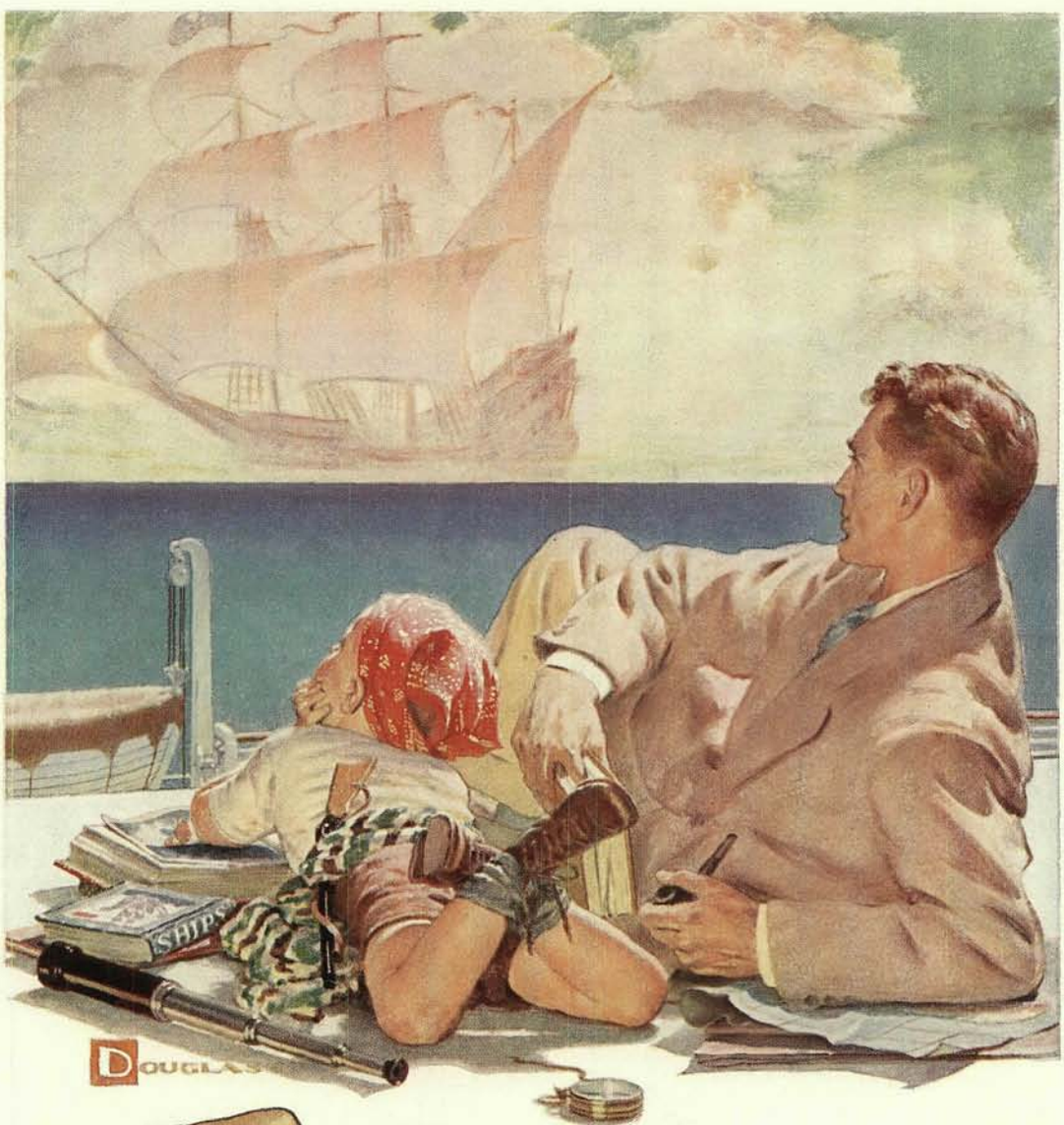

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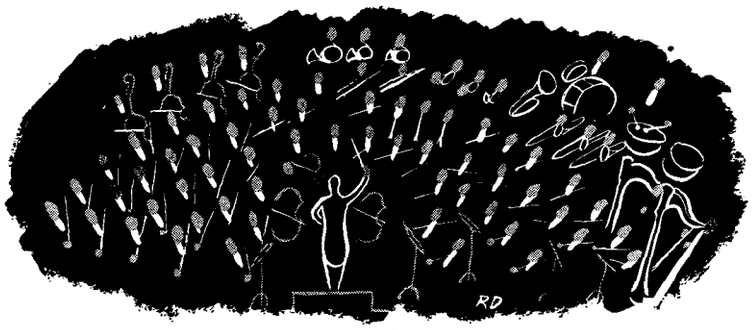

ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Ah, Wilderness!—Eugene O'Neill's affectionate memories of 1906 made into a slight though amiable play. The cast for this Theatre Guild revival includes Harry Carey, William Prince, Tom Tully, and Enid Markey. (Guild, 52, W. CO 5-8229. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Patricia Collinge, Minnie Dupree, and Boris Karloff account for most of the slaughter in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. Frances Starr, Dorothy McGuire, and Donald Cook are splendid for two acts but get a little lost, along with the author, toward the end. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant as the teacher who discovers a genius. Among the others in the cast of Emlyn Williams' play are Richard Waring, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are very fine as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, discover that Greenwich Village is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been made into a fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth, Morris Carnovsky, and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's story about a family of refugees from Germany who bring the great problems of today into an American household is easily the best anti-Nazi play we've had so far. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast, and Herman Shumlin's production is magnificent. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Wookey—The bombing of London swings a hard-headed cockney tugboat captain around to approving of the war. Extraordinary scenery and sound effects and a splendid cast headed by Edmund Gwenn and Heather Angel make Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's play seem rather better than it is. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Best Foot Forward—George Abbott, who has a way with children, has assembled a lot of them into a very pretty and cheerful comedy about life in a preparatory school. Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane wrote the music and lyrics; Jo Mielziner is responsible for the scenery. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Hellz-a-Poppin—This free-for-all is now in its fourth season, with Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton in the original Olsen and Johnson rôles. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—A big skating show which starts off by being exciting and then gets somewhat wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence still carrying on splendidly in Moss Hart's psychiatric opera, although most of the gentlemen surrounding her are different. The new cast includes Eric Brotherson, Walter Coy, Willard Parker, and Paul McGrath. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Pal Joey—George Tapps has supplanted Gene Kelly in this gutter idyll by O'Hara, Rodgers, and Hart, and Vivienne Allen has taken the place of June Havoc, but it is still fairly good fun. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Moves on Tues., Oct. 21, to the St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. A fine musical comedy, with Arthur Treacher and James Dunn. Cole Porter wrote the music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Oct. 19, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25.

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

As You Like It—Helen Craig and Carol Stone in a revival of the Shakespeare comedy, produced by Eugene S. Bryden and Ben Boyar. Opens Mon., Oct. 20. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Good Neighbor—A play by Jack Levin, with Sam Byrd. Staged by Sinclair Lewis and produced by Mr. Byrd. Opens Tues., Oct. 21. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40. Thurs. and Sat. the first week, and Wed. and Sat. thereafter.)

Candle in the Wind—Helen Hayes in a play by Maxwell Anderson, staged by Alfred Lunt and produced by the Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company. Opens Wed., Oct. 22. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will present "The Mikado," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Oct. 16-18; "H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., Oct. 23-25; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Rip Van Winkle," Sat. Aft., Oct. 25, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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BALLET

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—This company, under the direction of Leonide Massine, will appear in "Poker Game," "The Magic Swan," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Devil's Holiday," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 16; "Raiser de la Fée," "Three-Cornered Hat," and "The Magic Swan," Fri. Eve., Oct. 17; "Coppelia," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Prince Igor," Sat. Aft., Oct. 18; "Les Sylphides," "Schéhérazade," and "Seventh Symphony," Sat. Eve., Oct. 18; "Rouge et Noir," "Saratoga," and "The Magic Swan," Sun. Eve., Oct. 19; "Bogatyri," "Vienna—1814," and "Gaîté Parisienne," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 23; "The Nutcracker," "Saratoga," and "Vienna—1814," Fri. Eve., Oct. 24; "The Magic Swan," "Petrouchka," and "Saratoga," Sat. Aft., Oct. 25; "Rouge et Noir," "Three-Cornered Hat," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Saratoga," Sat. Eve., Oct. 25. (Metropolitan Opera House, B'way at 40. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Jooss Ballet—Making its first appearance here in several years, this group plans to present "The Big City," "Pavane," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "Chronica," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 16, and Sat. Aft., Oct. 18; "Drums Sound in Hackensack," "Ballade," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "The Green Table," Fri. and Sat. Eves., Oct. 17-18; "The Green Table," "A Ball in Old Vienna," "The Seven Heroes," and "Pavane," Sun. Aft., Oct. 19; "The Green Table," "Drums Sound in Hackensack," "The Big City," and "A Ball in Old Vienna," Sun. Eve., Oct. 19; "The Green Table," "The Big City," "The Seven Heroes," and "A Ball in Old Vienna," Tues. and Sat. Eves., Oct. 21 and 25; "The Green Table," "Drums Sound in Hackensack," "The Big City," and "Ballade," Wed. Eve., Oct. 22, and Sat. Aft., Oct. 25; "Chronica," "The Seven Heroes," and "A Ball in Old Vienna," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 23; "The Green Table," "The Prodigal Son," and "A Ball in Old Vienna," Fri. Eve., Oct. 24. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. LO 5-0668. Eves. at 8:40. Mats. at 3.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Renée De Marco is dancing by herself in the Trianon Room, where Emil Coleman's orchestra plays. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A show that is largely Latin and palm trees that would surprise the average botanist. Charles Baum's orchestra and a samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still one of the most popular local winter resorts. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Well thought of by fugitives from swing, including a large number of conservative undergraduates. Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—This has just reopened, and you wouldn't know it had ever been closed. There's magic by Russell Swann and music by Ted Straeter. . . . The Monte Carlo Beach, next door, has John Kirby's orchestra and almost no sand.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Jean Sablon, in the Persian Room, sings French torch songs and peps up some old folk tunes. Gower and Jeanne are a sprightly dance team there, and Dick Gasparre's orchestra plays for dancing. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Miriam Winslow and Foster Fitz-Simons and Billy de

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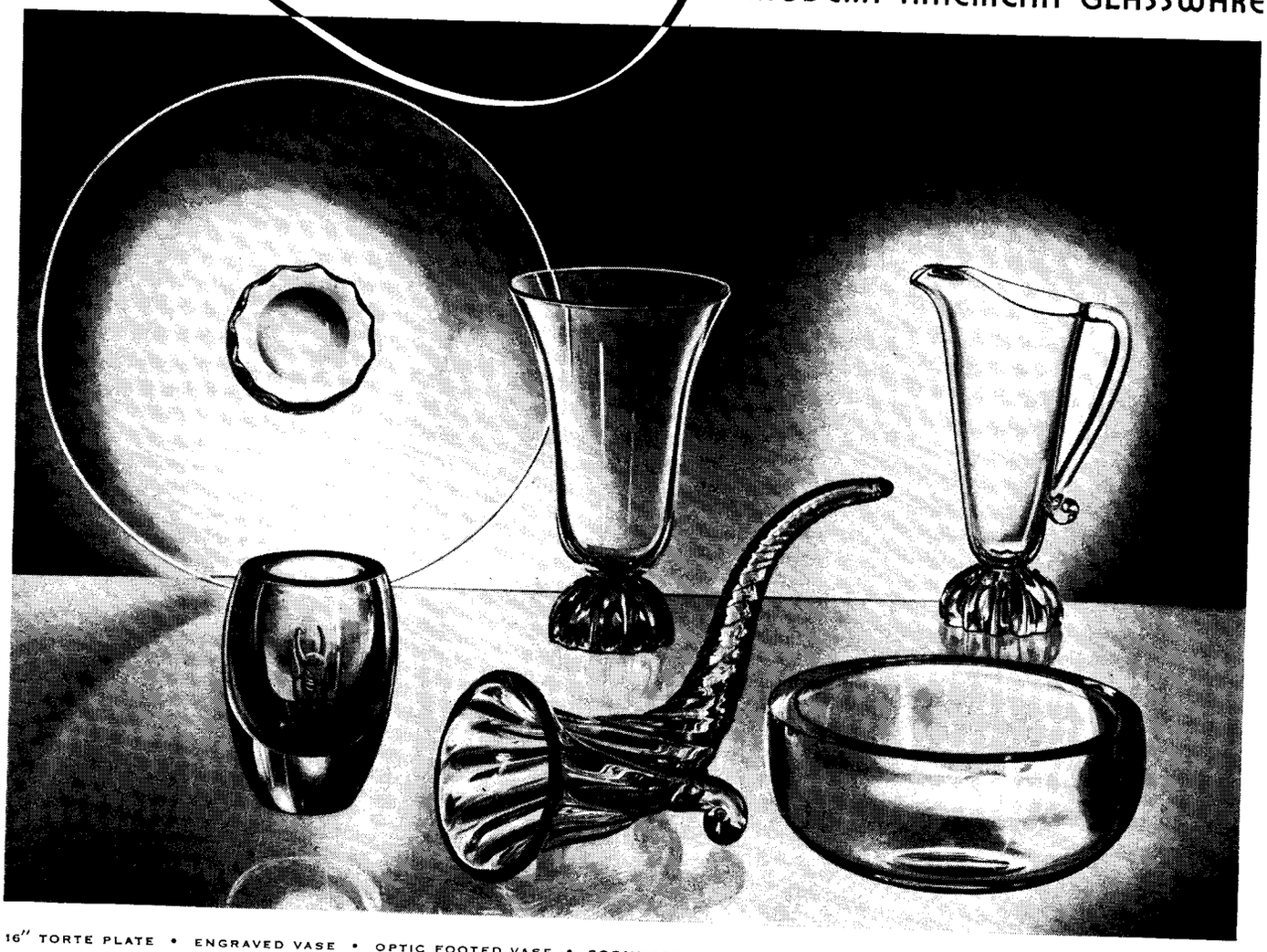

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wolfe head the show way up there in the clouds. The music is by Matty Malneck's orchestra and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra is playing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy Lewis and other ice-skaters are cutting up in the Iridium Room, with Hal Saunders' orchestra perched on the edge of the rink. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde and Bob Grant's orchestra will replace John Hoysradt and Howard Lally's orchestra in the Café Lounge on Fri., Oct. 17.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Seems to have outlasted the Aquarium. Music by Pat Barbara's orchestra.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. The show is headed by Mili Monti and Frances Mercer. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The new Wedgwood Room has Sheila Barrett and, during the supper hour, as much dancing by Paul Draper as the guests can badger him into. Eddy Duchin's orchestra. . . . Mischa Borr's orchestra plays for dinner dancing in the Sert Room.

Miscellaneous—At **Le Ruban Bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dim place, where you'll find Maxine Sullivan and Paula Laurence. No dancing. . . . **La Martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): slick decoration and slick music by Eddie Oliver's orchestra. . . . **Le Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time; Joseph C. Smith's orchestra. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy makes it her roof with boisterous ballads and a fine musical-comedy repertory on the piano. . . . **Café Society Uptown**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): all-Negro entertainment, with music coming at you pretty fast from Count Basie and Hazel Scott. . . . **Penthouse Club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. No dancing. . . . **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Gypsy Markoff heads the Russian show, which includes lots of folk songs and such; Chris Kay's orchestra. . . . **Biltmore**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Art Jarrett's orchestra. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra will be replaced by Sammy Kaye's on Tues., Oct. 21. . . . **New Yorker Hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **Pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glenn Miller's orchestra. . . . **Roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **Warwick**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): small and secluded, with Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **Bill's Gay Nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): they have a new wooden Indian out front; inside, the same old songs. No dancing. . . . **Village Vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual, low-ceilinged cellar spot, with some Calypso singers. Closed Mon. . . . **Jimmy Kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At **La Conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Georgie Price has turned up in the show here, and Jack Harris's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . **Havana-Madrid**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly South American, with the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 Club**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is also active. . . . **Diamond Horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Joe E. Howard, Nita Naldi, and Gilda Gray.

Mostly for Music—At **Café Society Downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best colored musical talent in Greenwich, or any other, Village—Helena Horne, Ammons and Johnson, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's band. Closed Mon. . . . **Nick's**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another Village place, this one with Marty Marsala's band. . . . **Jimmy Ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his quartet. . . . **Kelly's Stable**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Art Tatum just naturally plays the piano, and Red Allen's band backs him up.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **Castleholm**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **Polish Restaurant**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **Kretchma**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **El Chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **Club Gaucho**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

ART

An American Group—Annual membership show of paintings and sculptures. As always, a lively affair: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 25.

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Bache Collection—This exhibit reopened recently for the season. 814 5 Ave., at 63. Admission must be arranged for in advance by calling RE 7-0620. Tues. through Thurs., 11 A.M. to 12:30 P.M. and 2 to 4 P.M.; Sat., 1 to 4 P.M.

Boudin—Well-selected show of oils by this pre-Impressionist master of landscape painting: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 15.

Eilshemius—At the **Kleemann**, 38 E. 57: a retrospective, from 1886 to 1905, of his landscapes and oils. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 25. . . . **Pinacotheca**, 20 W. 58: another retrospective, this time of paintings done between 1912 and 1919. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 30.

Evergood and Olds—Sharply handled drawings by the first; the second shows some lively gouaches and water colors: A.C.A., 26 W. 8. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 18.

French—Paintings, many of them never before exhibited in this country, by Tanguy, Rouault, Chagall, and others of the Paris school: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 1.

French and American—A smooth Kisling and an almost too glossy Derain in an assortment that includes a number of more or less well-known moderns: Gallery of Modern Art, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.; through Nov. 1.

Grosz—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53: a compact retrospective of drawings, oils, prints, and water colors, from his bitter World War satires to his recent American pieces. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **Associated American Artists'**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: an exhibition of his recent water colors and drawings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 1.

Groups—At the **New School**, 66 W. 12: works by Stuart Davis, Kuniyoshi, De Creeft, and other contemporaries. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Wed., Oct. 22. . . . **Kraushaar**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: pretty much everything here is good, but the oils by Louis Bouché and Vaughn Flannery are even better. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 25. . . . **Milch**, 108 W. 57: selections from last year's crop of works by Leon Kroll, Stephen Etnier, and others. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 25. . . . **Downtown**, 43 E. 51: paintings and sculptures by Peter Blume, Jack Levine, William Steig, Carl Walters, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 1. . . . **American British Art Center**, 44 W. 56: paintings by Gropper, Benton, Marsh, and others, all centring on life in American mining regions. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 25. . . . **Montross**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: nice things by Frank Herring and A. Mark Datz in a collection of works by fourteen contemporary Americans. Also, early drawings and lithographs by Henri Matisse. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 18.

Haucke—Surrealist paintings in a curiously individual style, with some startlingly effective ones among them: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 31.

Isenburger—Oils by a young European, somewhat Matisse-ish but done with thorough good taste and charm (also, paintings and engravings of children by French and English artists, with a curiously dark Degas and two ruddy Renoirs about the only ones worth while): Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 18.

Margules—Maine water colors, done with a very deep bow to John Marin (also, a somewhat scattered but interesting showing of bas-reliefs from the early Egyptians to our own Wheeler Williams): Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 18.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—A hundred and twenty contemporary American water colors in a varied, eclectic showing (through Nov. 9). The new Junior Museum, with galleries devoted to special exhibitions for children, is now open. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Mexican—Early pieces by Orozco, Siqueiros, Rivera, and others. An unusual show, with many surprises: Bonestell, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 25.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Selections from its permanent collection, plus an exhibition, very colorful, of paintings, water colors, and drawings by New York children. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Oct. 29.

Zadkine—Paintings and sculptures make up one of this artist's first full-size American showings: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 25.

Here and There—At the **Clay Club**, 4 W. 8: sculptures by Leo Amino. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 1. . . . **Riverside Museum**, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: paintings and other works by members of the Chicago Society of Artists. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 2. . . . **Contemporary Arts**, 38 W. 57: paintings by Ruth Chaney. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 25. . . . **Babcock**, 38 E. 57: oils by Tony Sisti. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 18. . . . **Macbeth**, 11 E. 57: water colors by Andrew Wyeth. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Oct. 27. . . . **Buchholz**, 32 E. 57: paintings and gouaches by Karl Zerbe. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 25. . . . **Bignou**, 32 E. 57: paintings by Josiah Adès. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 25. . . . **Passedoit**, 121 E. 57: oils by Elisabeth Lapinère. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 25. . . . **Grand Central**, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43: an exhibition of Latin-American prints. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 18. . . . **Schneider-Gabriel**, 71 E. 57: an exhibition of American primitives, including oils, water colors, sculptures, and folk art. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 1.

Note—The Village's semiannual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will welcome the attention of passers-by daily, from 10 A.M. until dark, through Sun., Oct. 19.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall: Stokowski conducting, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 16, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 17, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Oct. 18, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., Oct. 19, at 3. . . . Barbirolli conducting, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 23, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 24, at 2:30. (Soloists: Hofmann and Evans, Oct. 23-24.)

Farbman String Symphonietta—Farbman conducting: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., Oct. 17, at 8:30.

New York City Symphony—Stewart conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., Oct. 19, at 8:45. (Soloist, Szigeti.)

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Anatol Kitain, Tues. Eve., Oct. 21, at 8:30. . . . Chamber Music Hall: Ralph Kirkpatrick, Mon. Eve., Oct. 20, at 8:30.

OPERA

New Opera Company—Getting under way in its first season with "Così Fan Tutte," Thurs. through Sun. Eves., Oct. 16-19, Tues. Eve., Oct. 21, and Sat. Aft., Oct. 18; "Pique Dame," Wed., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., Oct. 22, 23, and 25; "Macbeth," Fri. Eve., Oct. 24, and Sat. Aft., Oct. 25. (44th

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*Here's an advertising fact men-who-are-*not*-mice have been nibbling at for years . . . and have always found increasingly potent. It's simply this: more people pay attention to advertising in The Saturday Evening Post than in any other magazine. (Mrs. I. Van Hippo—above—is just one of millions who prove the point.)*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

People pay attention when you put it in the Post

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Street Theatre, 44th St., W. of B'way. LA 4-4337. Eves. at 8:30; Mats. at 2:30.)

SPORTS

Football—On **sat. aft., oct. 18:** Columbia vs. Georgia, Baker Field, at 2; Fordham vs. West Virginia, Polo Grounds, at 2; N.Y.U. vs. Syracuse, Yankee Stadium, at 2; Harvard vs. Dartmouth, Cambridge, at 2; Navy vs. Cornell, Baltimore, at 2; Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, Princeton, at 2; Yale vs. Army, New Haven, at 2.

sat. aft., oct. 25: Fordham vs. Texas Christian, Polo Grounds, at 2; Army vs. Columbia, West Point, at 2; Cornell vs. Colgate, Ithaca, at 2; Harvard vs. Navy, Cambridge, at 2; Pennsylvania vs. Maryland, Philadelphia, at 2; Yale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven, at 2.

professional games: Sun. Aft., Oct. 19—Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Polo Grounds, at 2:30; Dodgers vs. Chicago, Ebbets Field, at 2:15.

Horse Show—Greenwich Hunter Show, Greenwich, Sat., Oct. 18, at 9 A.M.

Hunt Races—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association, Red Bank, Sat., Oct. 18, at 2 P.M. . . . Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, Media, Pa., Sat., Oct. 18, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Essex Fox Hounds, Far Hills, N.J., Wed. and Sat., Oct. 22 and 25, at 1:45 P.M.

Polo—Last high-goal game of the season: Bostwick Field, Westbury, Sun. Aft., Oct. 19, at 2:30.

Racing—Final day at Jamaica (Gallant Fox Handicap), Thurs., Oct. 16, at 2 P.M. Frequent special trains will leave Penn Station between 12:30 and 1:30 P.M. . . . Weekdays at Empire City, at 1:45 P.M.; starting Fri., Oct. 17. (The Autumn Day Stakes and the Scarsdale Handicap, Oct. 18; the Ardsley Handicap, Oct. 25.) Trains will leave Grand Central weekdays between 12:15 and 1 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Rodeo—The annual get-together of cowboys, cowgirls, and cows: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 8:30 P.M.; also Sat. and Sun. at 2:30 P.M.; through Sun., Oct. 26.

Benefit—Diamond Ball, for the New York Infirmary for Women and Children: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., Oct. 24, at 10.

National Defense Expositions—A show of Army and Navy tanks, dive-bombers, anti-aircraft devices, etc., as well as civilian equipment for resisting air raids and gas attacks. A benefit for the U.S.O. and the Office of Civilian Defense: Grand Central Palace. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 18. . . . R. Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion Deployment Unit, a portable house and bomb shelter, has been set up in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.

Photographic Shows—About forty prints by David Octavius Hill, showing some of the earliest work of this nineteenth-century master: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sun., Oct. 19. . . . Fifty portraits by Arnold Genthe of people in the theatre: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 25.

Antiques Exposition—This year, in addition to the usual American assortment of glass, china, and other treasures from old attics, there will be an exhibit of furniture, silver, china, etc., sent over from England: Hotel Commodore. Mon., Oct. 20, from 1 to 11 P.M.; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 21-24, from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Sat., Oct. 25, from 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Historical Documents—An exhibition of original correspondence and other papers relating to the development of the American Navy from 1775 to 1900, including the first orders to the United States Fleet: Rosenbach Company, 15 E. 51. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 1.

On the Air—Philharmonic-Symphony, Stokowski conducting, Sun. Aft., Oct. 19, at 3, WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Kurtz conducting, Tues. Eve., Oct. 21, at 9:30, WJZ.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Paintings, including some by Corot, Henner, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Sully, belonging to Mrs. Ethel Gunton Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert K. Dalton, and others: Thurs. Eve., Oct. 16, at 8:15. . . . English furniture and silver, owned by Carl Wicke, the estate of William Paul Pickhardt, and others: Sat. Aft., Oct. 18, at 2. . . . Early maps, books, and manuscripts about Canada and the Western states, and a collection of Currier & Ives prints, from the Guthrie Y. Barber estate: Wed., Oct. 22, at 2 and 8:15 P.M., and Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 23-24, at 2 P.M.

Note—The open season on ducks and geese hereabouts starts Thurs., Oct. 16.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25.

MOTION PICTURES

All That Money Can Buy—A fable of New Hampshire in the eighteen-forties, from Stephen Vincent Benét's story "The Devil and Daniel Webster," with Anne Shirley, James Craig, and Edward Arnold. Unusual and interesting. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

The Big Store—Destined for those who have dedicated their lives to the Marx Brothers. Just a slight affair, and rumored to be their last appearance together. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 17-18.)

Citizen Kane—A triumph, certainly, for Orson Welles and his colleagues, and a film one has to see. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Tues., Oct. 21. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. through Sun., Oct. 17-19. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 18-21. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 23-24.)

Dive Bomber—Young pilots and their education in our Army, with handsome flying sequences. Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray are in evidence. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., Oct. 16. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Oct. 17. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Sat., Oct. 18. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Fri. through Wed., Oct. 17-22. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 19-21. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs. through Sat., Oct. 23-25.)

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—Another, and hardly successful, revival of the old story, with Ingrid Bergman and Spencer Tracy. Only a few scenes will give you the proper shiver. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Fantasia—Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse in a grand mixup, which, after all, has done very well for itself. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra showing Sun. at 5:40 P.M.; through Tues., Oct. 21.)

The Girl in the News—Mystery thriller, directed by Carol Reed, with many a neat and sinister touch. Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams are in it. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Oct. 16.)

Here Comes Mr. Jordan—Robert Montgomery is a deceased prizefighter and Claude Rains is a big shot in heaven. A fairly surprising film, as you can see. (77th Street, B'way at 77; through Mon., Oct. 20. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Mon. through Sat., Oct. 20-25. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. through Sat., Oct. 22-25.)

Hold Back the Dawn—Interesting and romantic sketch of life in a Mexican border town, where the immigration problem keeps things stirring. With Olivia de Havilland and Charles Boyer. (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., Oct. 21.)

Honky Tonk—A big, costly, hack Western devised to present Lana Turner and Clark Gable in familiar attitudes. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., Oct. 22.)

KuKan—The Burma Road and the bombing of Chungking as they appeared to Rey Scott during his journey in the Far East. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

The Little Foxes—The movie version of Lillian Hellman's play of greed and murder in the Deep South, with Bette Davis in the leading rôle, and magnificent at it. Also in the fine cast: Patricia Collinge and Herbert Marshall. A grim, beautiful film. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; Palace, B'way at 47; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., Oct. 22.)

The Maltese Falcon—One of Dashiell Hammett's smackers turned into a wicked, smart film, which is a good deal of fun. Killers, cops, and so on, with Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart most involved. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., Oct. 16.)

Pépé le Moko—The French picture from which came our "Algiers." Though its reels are worn now, it is still of strange interest. With Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Tues., Oct. 21.)

Sergeant York—Of the Tennessee mountain boy who won the Congressional Medal of Honor in the last war, where he came from, and how it happened. A superbly managed film, with Gary Cooper. (Strand, B'way at 47; starting Fri., Oct. 17.)

The Shepherd of the Hills—Sweetness and light in Technicolor, disseminated by a cast that merits your attention: Betty Field, Marjorie Main, Harry Carey, and James Barton. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 21-22.)

REVIVALS

Anything Goes (1936)—Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, and Cole Porter songs. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 18-20.)

Easy Living (1937)—Edward Arnold as a millionaire and Jean Arthur as a Cinderella. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 22-24.)

Escape Me Never (1935)—Elisabeth Bergner in her Broadway success. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Oct. 16.)

Girls' Dormitory (1936)—Schoolgirl romance. Simone Simon, Ruth Chatterton, and Herbert Marshall. (Art, 36 E. 8; Mon. and Tues., Oct. 20-21.)

The Green Pastures (1936)—The Roark Bradford-Marc Connelly classic. With Rex Ingram. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 17-20.)

The Housekeeper's Daughter (1939)—Parodying crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., Oct. 17.)

In Name Only (1939)—Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, and Cary Grant in the usual triangle mess. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 22-24.)

Moonlight Sonata (1938)—Marie Tempest and Paderewski. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 17-20.)

The Mortal Storm (1940)—Hitler's effect on one German family. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Wed. through Fri., Oct. 22-24.)

Power (1934)—Life in eighteenth-century Germany. Conrad Veidt. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Oct. 16.)

The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex (1939)—Bette Davis as Elizabeth Tudor. With Errol Flynn. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., Oct. 16.)

We Are Not Alone (1939)—Paul Muni as an English country doctor. (Art, 36 E. 8; Mon. and Tues., Oct. 20-21.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing early American and foreign films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule —**thurs. and fri., oct. 16-17:** "Berlin" (1927) and "Rain" (1929), both documentary films. **sat. and sun., oct. 18-19:** "The General" (1927), Buster Keaton; and "Big Business" (1929), Laurel and Hardy. **mon. and tues., oct. 20-21:** "Underworld" (1927), George Bancroft. **wed. and thurs., oct. 22-23:** "The Love of Jeanne Ney" (1927), early Ufa film. **fri. and sat., oct. 24-25:** "The Student Prince" (1927), Norma Shearer, Ramon Novarro.

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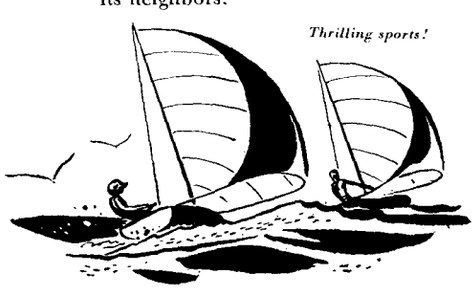
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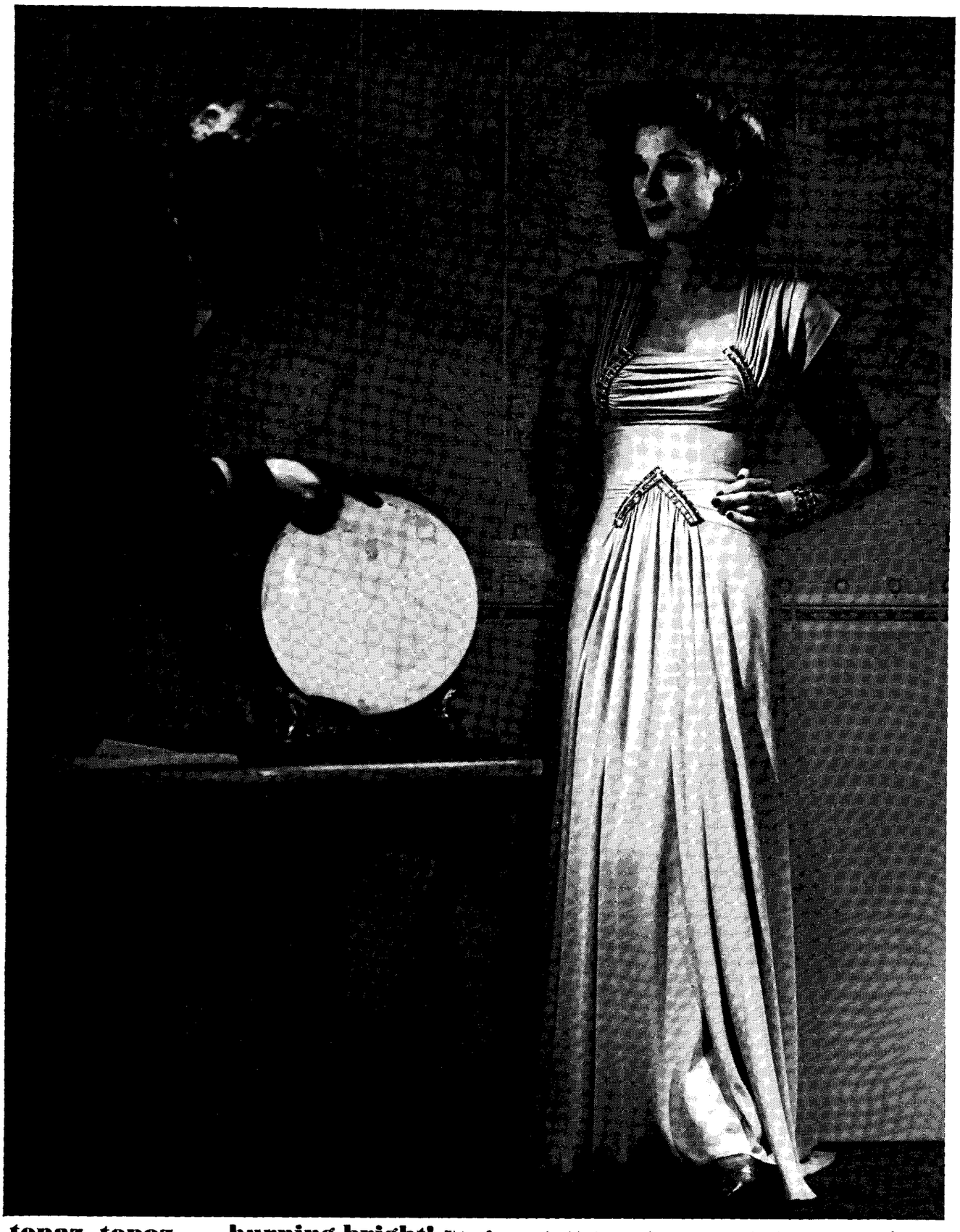

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE always like to study the Hollywood mind at work, and so a story we read about the changes being made in the filming of "The Shanghai Gesture" were right up our alley. The new script is the thirty-third adaptation submitted to the Hays office since the play ran on Broadway in 1926, the other thirty-two having got a quick brusheroo from the anti-vice king. This one, however, is apparently O.K. Prince Oshima, the Japanese debaucher of a young English girl, has become Dr. Omar, "a Levantine scoundrel," to avoid any suggestion of miscegenation, we guess, and he will be played by Victor Mature, who can be relied on to keep it clean. The English girl is still called Poppy, but she doesn't take opium any more, not even aspirin. Sir Guy Charteris, the English villain, has been toned down in the interest of transatlantic amity, while hemisphere solidarity has made the disreputable Minister from Bolivia and his wife into Italian envoys. The scene in which a young girl is auctioned off to a group of coolies who obviously have every intention of chopping her up into kindling is now explained as just a stunt to amuse the tourist trade, with all the boys pledged to treat her like brothers. Finally—and this is the change that really hurts us—Mother Goddam, the proprietress of a Chinese brothel, has been rechristened Mother Gin Sling and turned into the operator of a high-class gambling establishment. We wanted her to be Mother Tch! Tch!, the Shanghai representative of the W.C.T.U.

EVERY now and then the great get caught off second base just like anybody else. Mayor LaGuardia turned up at a luncheon of the New York Fashion Group the other day in fine, campaign-fighting trim and all set to speak on "Tasks for Women in Defense," and heard himself introduced as the gentleman who had suggested centre-front and centre-rear pleats in the skirts of the women's civilian defense uniforms. Mohandas K. Gandhi, the old Mahatma, broke down and admitted that he had violated his principle of non-violence to the extent of letting his followers sell handmade blankets to the Indian Army. Winston Churchill got a nasty rap from *Cat*, the monthly magazine of the Cats' Protective League, for fondling a cat during the Atlantic meeting without first waiting for its sign of approval. If the Messrs. LaGuardia, Gandhi, and Churchill can stand a spot of quiet allegory in these swift-moving days, we would like to call a news item to their attention. Mediterranean sar-

dine fishermen, we are informed, report that one result of the war is that an increasing number of whales are turning up in their sardine nets. We thought we'd mention it.

HELEN MORGAN's singing belonged in a speakeasy. The sad, boozy, rakish little songs she sang just fitted the peculiar temper of the period, providing synthetic tears for the synthetic gin. Her death brought back to us all the dark, illicit rooms we used to sit in, full of love for our fellow-lawbreakers, full of large theories about nothing, full of juniper berries and glycerine. We're going to miss "My Bill" and "Can't Help Lovin' That Man of Mine," just as we have long missed all the other things that went with them—the chained and mysterious door, the proprietor reputed to be a celebrated gunman, the beautiful young women so determined not to go home with the men who brought them, the whole sense, in short, of being mixed up in a novel by F. Scott Fitzgerald, another singer of the day, who also died before his time.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAM B. HERLANDS has dug up at least thirty cases of alteration of records and embezzlement of petty cash by County Sheriff Finn's aides, not to mention evidence of some very tricky voting from false addresses by a deputy sheriff and his family. What appeals to us about this is the attitude Sheriff Finn has taken toward the disclosures. He is not so much upset by all the skulduggery as by the fact that no one bothers to tell him what's going on, or even lets him see the data of the investigation. "I should think," he told the papers plaintively, "that as Sheriff of New York County I was entitled to this information." We like the vision of our Sheriff, his badge tarnishing with disuse and the seat of his pants shiny from inactivity, hurt and unhappy because no one will let him play Sheriff in investigating his own office. All the picture really needs to make it perfect is Victor Moore, his small, round body bristling with righteousness, his moon face aglow with eager innocence, and clearly knowing less

about what's up than the ladies in the chorus.

WE think the new Old Gold advertising scheme—a "series of articles on successful living, written by Dale Carnegie"—is a mistake. For one thing, we don't care for inspirational messages of any kind. Furthermore, in the piece we saw, Mr. Carnegie told us that October is the true beginning of the new year and that we must regard our past mistakes, our fears for

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the future, our personal grudges as dead leaves and let them fall. We can only say that we like our personal grudges, having got attached to them, and we are going to continue fearing for the future up to the day we are dead, or, preferably, Hitler is. Principally, though, we think Old Gold made a mistake in using Mr. Carnegie's dead leaves to publicize the new leaves—called Latakia—which have been added to Old Gold cigarettes. Just isn't sound psychologically.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: In Stamford, Connecticut, there is a tailoring establishment that calls itself the De Esquire Cleaners.

The *Harvard University Gazette* recently announced the cancellation of Government 28, which is a course concerned with "Modern Imperialism."

There's a layer cake on the local market with the brand name Marie Antoinette.

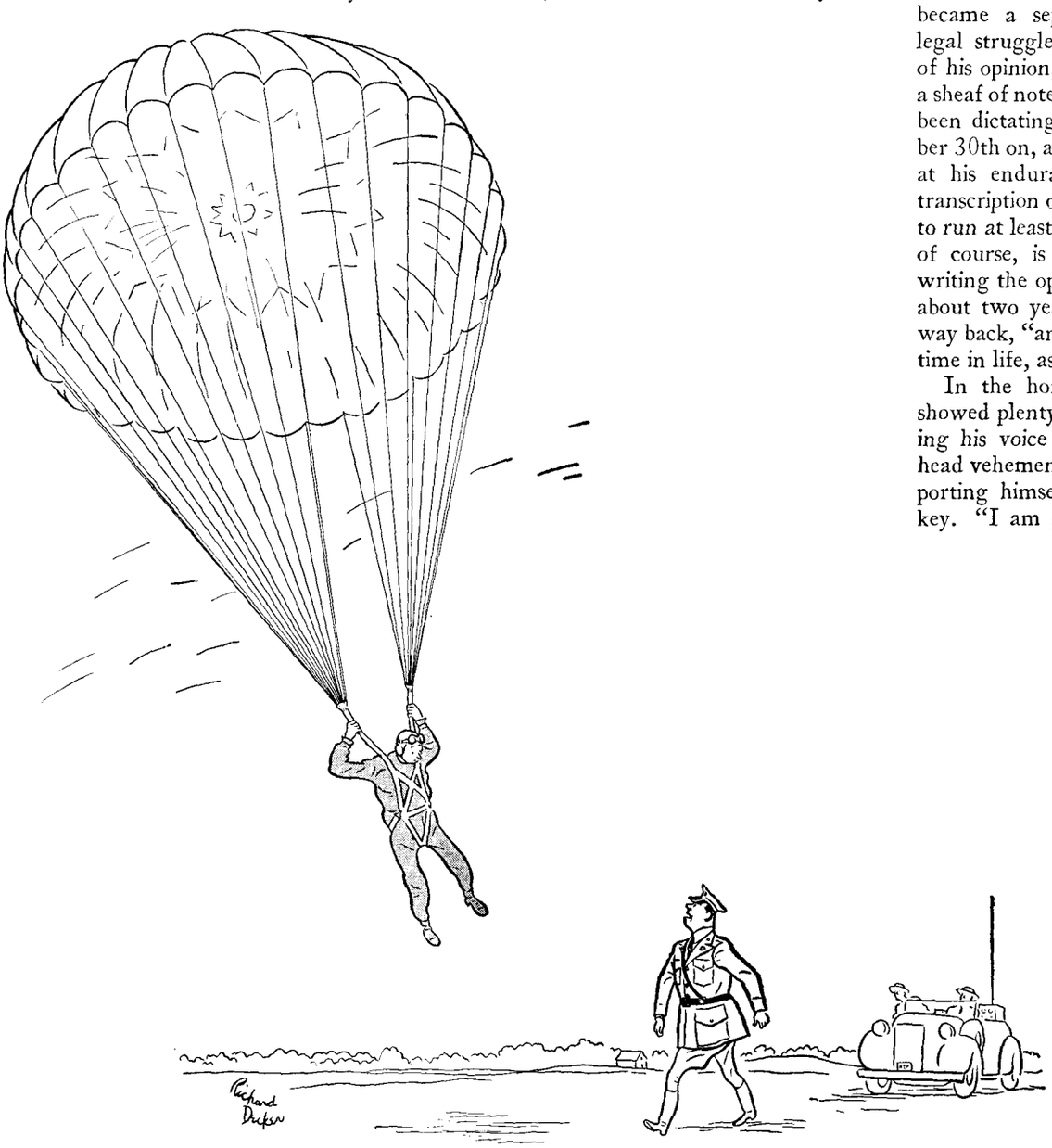
Bric-a-Brac

BECAUSE she thoroughly enjoyed "Citizen Kane" and wanted something to remember it by, an impulsive young lady of Jackson, Michigan, wrote to Gimbels, where the Hearst special is still on, and ordered a tiny item from the catalogue—an Egyptian ushabti, a small pottery figure found in tombs. Back came a courteous letter saying that the item in question had been sold. However, if she would care for any other small items of European art ("European art" is just what the letter said, too) they could offer her a thumbscrew at $6.35, a pair of handcuffs at $2.60, and a bone-crusher at $11.25.

All Over

THURMAN ARNOLD says he'll appeal, and from all we know of Thurman Arnold he *will* appeal, but the first trial of the United States against the Aluminum Company of America, the longest trial in history, is over. It took three years, four months, and nine days in court for Alcoa to prove to the satisfaction of Federal Judge Francis G. Caffey that it is not a monopoly. We were there the final day, a cloudy, ominous Thursday. Judge Caffey, who became a septuagenarian during the legal struggle, was delivering the last of his opinion, speaking with the aid of a sheaf of notes on yellow paper. He had been dictating every day from September 30th on, and everyone was surprised at his endurance. The stenographic transcription of his opinion was expected to run at least to 170,000 words. That, of course, is why he decided against writing the opinion. "It would take me about two years," he told the lawyers way back, "and there is just not enough time in life, as I conceive it."

In the homestretch, Judge Caffey showed plenty of reserve strength, raising his voice for emphasis, tossing his head vehemently, and occasionally comporting himself like an indignant turkey. "I am glad and shall be glad if an appeal is taken," he was saying as we entered the courtroom, "although I think my decision is right." A lot of extraneous stuff got mixed up in the decision at this point, including Judge Caffey's plans for the weekend. He said he was going away for a rest. "I don't think there's anything wrong with me," he declared, "but I'm going away for refreshment and recovery of my strength." The cat had been out of the bag for days, emerging piecemeal as the Judge delivered his decision, but when we arrived there were smiles on every face except those



"Where have you been? Your plane crashed half an hour ago."

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of the government lawyers, probably of relief. The Judge ended with no perceptible climax. At 4:57 he adjourned court. Prosecution and defense counsel shook hands. There were so many of them this took a long while.

Milling around in and outside the courtroom afterward, we picked up a few facts and statistics on the case. In attendance, it has been a bust. There were only two spectators who had attended the full trial: an Alcoa publicity man, who had been told off to write some kind of history of the affair, and a retired patent attorney, who was merely fascinated. One of the attorneys got married during hostilities, a prosecution man, who remarked to us, "I saw this thing going on ad infinitum, and I didn't want to wait till I was an old man." Two of the defense attorneys fathered two children each and four prosecution lawyers had one child each. Representatives of each side told us that they had only fifteen lawyers, while the other side had at least fifty. During the trial, one of the government lawyers resigned and went to work for an aluminum company, while a member of the Alcoa defense staff resigned to take a place in Mr. Arnold's anti-trust division. (This is called the balance of nature.) The government subpœnaed about the equivalent of two boxcars full of records, all of which were read out in court. Blackstone could never have figured that law would come to this.

Labor Trouble

THE world's only four-leaf-clover farm, as far as we know (or care), is in an outlying area of the Panama Canal Zone, where an American named Daniels, a telephone engineer, makes some thousands of dollars of pin money annually by selling four-leaf clovers which he raises from a special seed he has developed. He has them pressed between sheets of transparent plastic and sells them in quantity to toy and novelty dealers. Well, anyway, we wanted to tell you about his somewhat unique labor trouble. He employed a number of Panamanian girls in his greenhouse and factory, and one day they announced, in a body, that they were resigning. The wages were O.K., they said, but they had no particular use for the money. Mr. Daniels had a ready solution to this unusual situation. He got out a Sears Roebuck catalogue and explained how the girls could send away for any of the things it described. The girls went right back to work, and the economic system, which had momentarily tottered, swung into high gear again.

Cops in Society

THIS item is about a pair of twins named Jack and Earl Blair. Jack and Earl are thirty-four years old, stand something over six feet two inches, and are motorcycle cops in Palm Beach, where they make Café Society something of a hobby, and vice versa. For the past several years it has been the hulking twinsies' custom to hit New York about the first of October for a brief vacation, in the course of which they are wined and dined by various glittering social figures, such as Woolworth Donahue, James Cromwell, Lucius Beebe, and Lenore Lemmon. Never a man to shirk a journalistic duty, we squared our shoulders and trotted over to the Barclay Hotel one day last week, for an interview with these somewhat different cops.

Jack and Earl, who were, at noon, just having their breakfast, explained that they had had a hard night. "We opened that new Club Copacabana," Jack said airily. "Then we dropped in at El Morocco, and finally wound up at Reuben's. Little tired this morning, and we got a big day ahead of us." "George Raft tried to take our gals away from us," Earl added. On cross-examination he proved unable to tell us who the girls were. Or maybe it was discretion. "Mine was Van something, I *think*," he said. In general, the twins told us, with due modesty, they had been much sought after by débutantes. "You'd think the Army drafted all the men out of this town, the rush we get," Jack said. He then whipped out a black address book and called up a Betty Hennessey, who wasn't in at the moment. "Tell her Jack and Earl are in town," Jack said. He then called Jerome Zerbe and left the same message. You can see how it is with the Blair twins.

The boys have been on the Palm Beach police force for twelve years and have met most of their celebrated friends in the line of duty. This led to their being invited out to cocktail parties by Colonel Bradley, Mrs. Kim Moran, and other prominent winter visitors. "We happened to be kind of an unusual pair, twins, and people just took a liking to us," explained Jack, evidently the more articulate of the two. Also, the Blairs wear super-dooper uniforms that they designed themselves (apparently with the consent of their superiors), and they make it a point to meet the Orange Blossom Special and the Florida Special on the right days and help the residents get to their places. Little courtesies like that are something people don't forget. "We do everything we can for them down there, and by God, they do all right by us here." Jack still speaking. "Of course, we got to use our head," Earl told us. "We try to avoid the ones that are on the spot or something. We're coasting along pretty good." In addition to several fairly complete tours of the night clubs, they had, when we talked with them, taken in three or four of the best lunch spots in town. As to their future plans, they were vague. "Lord knows," said Jack. "I guess we'll just keep spreading it out." "Yes," said Earl, "we'll just keep spreading it out."

Discipline

A TOUCHING little incident, indicative of woman's willingness to fit herself into the new military scheme of things, took place the other afternoon in Central Park. A lady fell off a bicycle, skinned her knee, and momentarily passed out. When she came to, another lady was fussing over her wound. "Here, you're not doing that right," the victim said. "I know it's not right because I'm a member of a first-aid class." "Well, I'm a *chairman* of a first-aid class," the Samaritan said briskly, "and I say I *am* doing it right." "Sorry. Go ahead," the injured lady mumbled.

Moving Day

MANY people who wanted fish got them free recently when the Aquarium broke up housekeeping. The Bronx Zoo got most of them. The Boston and Philadelphia aquaria each took some likely specimens, and the Department of Water Supply put in for all the salmon, trout, and bass that could be spared. The Water Supply people need fresh-water fish, and to that end maintain a hatchery up in the Bronx. Water that fish have lived in is better for you. The salmon, trout, and bass from the Aquarium are temporarily lodged in the Bronx. Later they will be distributed among the upstate reservoirs. The bass and salmon detailed to

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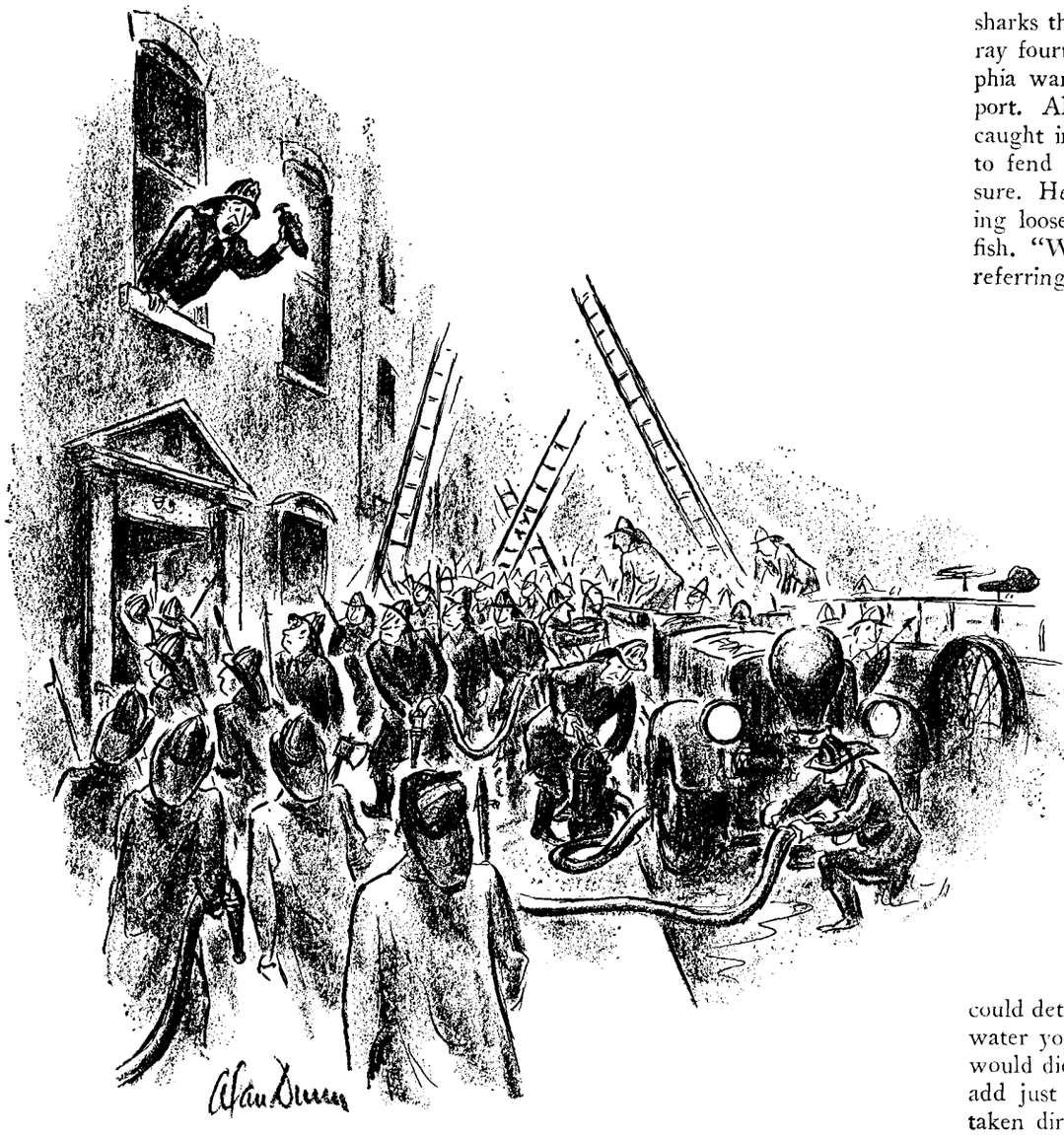

"Never mind, boys—this did the trick."

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the Ashokan Reservoir will have the special assignment of cleaning up the alewives there. The alewife is a small, sea-dwelling herring which spawns in fresh-water streams. During the building of the Ashokan Reservoir, a fresh-water stream was dammed while some alewives were up it, spawning, and they've since been trying to make their way back to the sea via the water-supply pipes, creating frequent flurries in certain Bronx households by emerging from the faucets. The salmon will eat alewives in deep water, the bass in the shallows.

Moving fish is hard. Take the Aquarium's giant grouper, a cumbersome marine creature weighing four hundred pounds, which went to Philadelphia. The giant grouper is a deep-water fish made to withstand pressure on all sides and if taken too suddenly out of the water might burst. Under the direction of Christopher Coates, the aquarist of the Aquarium, the creature was wrapped in a huge canvas corset, which furnished the equivalent of pressure while it was being transferred to its travelling tank. The fish who took the long journey up to Boston—including a five-foot shark and a seven-foot moray—were kept warm by braziers under their tanks and supplied with oxygen from a portable aerating apparatus which could be refilled from ordinary filling-station air hoses along the way.

About two hundred and fifty marine specimens too big to move or generally undesirable were released at sea from the chartered towboat Sheila Moran, midway between Sandy Hook and Long Beach. Among those paroled were five sharks that nobody wanted and a sting ray fourteen feet long, which Philadelphia wanted but was unable to transport. All the specimens released were caught in that region and will be able to fend for themselves, Mr. Coates is sure. He feels no compunction at turning loose five sharks to prey on other fish. "We're conservationists," he said, referring to himself and his colleagues at the Aquarium. "We destroy nothing."

In some instances, not only the fish but the water they were living in had to be moved. Tanks of water, carefully labelled, preceded the fish who went up to the Bronx Zoo, and they were placed back in their own water. Some fish—notably the lungfish, piranha, four-eyed fish, and ghost fish—will die if placed in water from another fish's tank; most fish would be annoyed, at least. Nobody has quite fathomed the relation of fish to water, anyway. For instance, suppose you had a tank of sea water which you distilled, and then you poured the distillate back over the residual salts. As far as any ordinary human could determine, this would be the same water you started out with, but a fish would die in it. However, if you should add just a single teaspoonful of water taken directly from the sea, the whole tankful would soon be O.K. for fish to live in. Try to figure *that* out.

Hair of the Dog

WOMRATH's operates a Womrath's down at the corner of Twenty-seventh Street and Fourth Avenue and has sought to snare the neighborhood's custom by placing in the window a sign reading, "Escape the War—Read a Book." Prominently displayed in the window are copies of "Blood, Sweat, and Tears," "France on Berlin Time," and "Berlin Diary."

Harry Carey

WE called last Friday on Harry Carey, who is now playing the George M. Cohan rôle in the revival of "Ah, Wilderness!," and found definitely that time has not dimmed his steady gaze nor age marred his rugged beauty. We discovered him at his apart-

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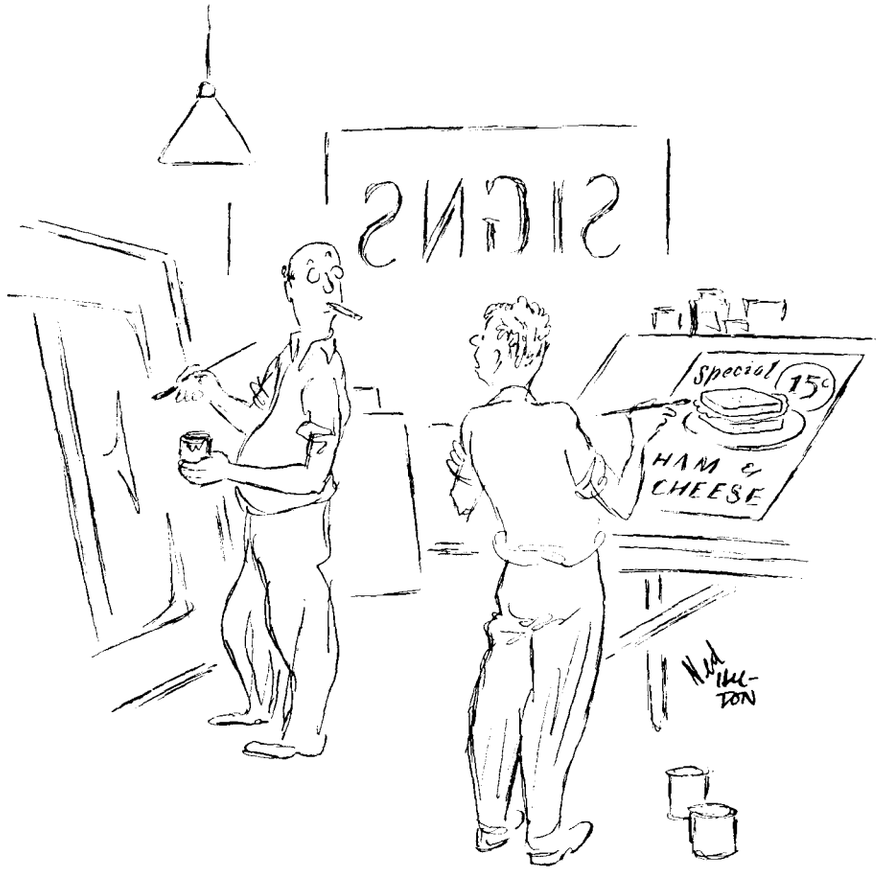
ment in a pair of gray pants and a wine-red woollen shirt, fondling a wooden bust of his favorite horse, Sunny, and arguing gently with Mrs. Carey over a technical matter of stagecraft. "Gene Buck told me to hoist my voice at the end," he was saying. "The moonlight should be further back in the doorway," said Mrs. Carey. "Then you could step inside and be heard in the balcony." Harry Carey gave his wife a sharp glance, and although his retort was kindly, his voice had in it something of the even, cold-steel tone of a cowboy in the Westerns. "It's the acoustics, not the moonlight," he said. Mrs. Carey then excused herself, and Mr. Carey told us that he has appeared in three hundred and sixty movies, which is the world's record for actors, living or dead. Of these, two hundred and seventy, approximately, were Westerns. Carey wrote a rip-snorting Western melodrama called "Montana" and toured with it for the four years from 1904 to 1908. He went into the movies at the conclusion of this, making Westerns on Staten Island for a man named O.A.C. Lund, now deceased, whose equipment was one camera and one street set, consisting of a clapboard saloon, blacksmith shop, hotel, and post office. "We always had the post office in those pictures," said Carey, "so I could marry the postmaster's daughter." Carey's first picture was "Bill Sharkey's Last Game," a two-reeler, and he made three more before he landed in Hollywood to work for D. W. Griffith. He met the future Mrs. Carey on the Coast while making a movie melodrama about a shipwreck called "The Sorrowful Shore." She had got the part because neither Blanche Sweet nor Lillian Gish could swim.

It may surprise the critics, some of whom seemed to believe that Carey was authentic Montana, to learn that he was born at 322 East 117th Street and is the son of a Tammany Special Sessions judge. He was christened Henry De Witt Carey II, but the temptation of the neighbors to call him Harry was too strong. "I'm descended from the Boasting Duke of Aragon, who slew people in Queen Elizabeth's time," Carey told us. Most of his youth was spent at Carey's Point, City Island, named after his father. It was there, and not in the bad lands, that he learned to shoot and ride. He used to go riding with the Pelham Bay cops. He attended New York Law School in the same class with Jimmy Walker, but didn't graduate because he came down with pneumonia. But for that, he might be a former Mayor of New York today. While recuperating, he decided on a theatrical career. He is sixty-three now and spends most of his time on his 1,120-acre ranch in California, where he has nine horses and eight Navajo servants. No white man speaks good Navajo, according to Carey, because of the vast number of verbs in the language. "They must have eighty thousand verbs for 'bring' alone," he told us. He gets along with the Indians by avoiding verbs completely, giving orders like "Horse cart here" and so on. Carey went completely broke in 1928, and when, on top of that, his ranch washed out, he came East and made personal appearances in the cheap movie houses of Avenues A and B. This tour was a flop. Carey figures that the places were so terrible the customers couldn't believe he was inside. Just as he hit rock bottom, M-G-M offered him the lead in "Trader Horn" and he went to Africa for nine months. That continent impressed him enormously because the animal life wasn't awed by an M-G-M unit. "Those animals are naïve and lovely," said Carey. "Nothing bothers you except a buffalo." He said it was common for lions to walk past him and yawn in his face as he sat on a stump reading up on the next scene.

Carey used to visit his birthplace on earlier visits to New York but the house was torn down some years ago. Invariably he goes up to Carey's Point, although the old home there burned to the ground in 1906. The good people of the region have all died, but the bums are still alive and living merrily on, Carey has found. Of all his three hundred and sixty movie parts, he liked best that of the Vice-President in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." "Garner told me I made more out of being Vice-President than he did," he relates.

Powerless

A STUDIOUS friend of ours who has, unaccountably, chosen to live near the corner of Lexington Avenue and Forty-seventh Street found himself disturbed, on a recent warm evening, by sounds of revelry emanating from the banquet room of the Winthrop Hotel. Since he had to go out to buy cigarettes, he decided to drop in and see if the Winthrop could put the lid on, at least a bit. The clerk to whom he made his complaint was gently apologetic. "I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but I really can't do anything. You see, it's an employees' banquet."



"Did he want this on white or rye?"

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"Thanks, no. I've had more than enough."

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RAINBOW VILLA

"SO I've quite decided to come back." Miss Ensor's face was flushed, for she had told her story with vehemence. Now, realizing that it was not usual to pour out one's experiences to one's house agent, she added with a sharper decision, a grander manner, "Yes! I have made up my mind. And I have ordered the repository to send my furniture down from London next week. It is what my dear brother would have wished."

At this mention of the dead, the house agent's face assumed an easier posture. The expression with which one greets the mention of a dead client is formalized, familiar, calling for no difficult adjustments. "Ah! One does not see many people like Mr. Ensor nowadays," he said. "I daresay not." The flush had died away, leaving her face pale, with the dirty pallor of age. The vehemence had died away too. She was thinking that Francis would not have approved of this promiscuous washing of family dirty linen. There was no need to tell Mr. Genge that living with Selina had turned out badly, and certainly no need to describe how foolish Selina had been about air raids. It would have been sufficient to say that she had decided to return to Rainbow Villa, where she had lived for so long with her brother and where now she would proceed to live alone.

On the desk between them a ledger lay open. Mr. Genge looked once more at the neat page, a page so elegantly written, so singularly free from erasures and additions, that it looked rather like a tombstone.

"November, 1938. Nine-teen thirty-eight. Practically three years ago."

"Two years and ten months," she said.

"The war," said Mr. Genge. "The war. It seems to emphasize the lapse of time, does it not?"

"Do you find it so?" Miss Ensor asked. "I can't say I notice much difference. Time seems to go about as fast as usual. Of course, I can remember several wars."

"Seeing so many changes," said the house agent, "being on the spot and seeing them personally, makes prewar days seem very distant days. War must bring changes. That is inevitable. We must bow to it."

He looked so bowed all of a sudden that the old lady said, "I hope you have not had any bereavement?"

"No. Not actually. But one sees many changes. Especially, perhaps, in my profession. Changes of tenancy. Changes of ownership. Changes . . ." His tone indicated that the changes were mostly for the worse.

"No doubt," Miss Ensor said. "However, I don't expect to find Rainbow Villa much changed. It is really providential that you couldn't find me a tenant for it."

No failure on his part but the exorbitant rent Miss Ensor had insisted on asking for her small and unattractive house was the reason for this. But the representative of Messrs. Angel, Genge & Chillmaid replied, sadly and meekly, "Of course, one must remember the house has not been totally unoccupied."

"Oh, that billeting business! Poor fellows, I was glad to think of them there, with a sound roof over their heads."

Mr. Genge gazed into his book. "From December, '39, to March, '40. Thirty-five men."

"Shocking!" Miss Ensor said. "Such overcrowding! But better than tents."

"Undoubtedly. The only possible, the only patriotic view to take. Better than tents. Yes. Particularly as the season was so unusually severe. Yes, indeed. Which reminds me, I fear you may find a few little dilapidations. Some palings missing, some slight damage to the interior woodwork."

"Why?" Her tone was instantly sharp.

"The weather, you know. Such unusually low temperatures at night. I fancy they may have helped themselves to a little firewood. Very natural—a way they have in the Army, you know."

"Hmm."

"Of course," said Mr. Genge, "we duly submitted a schedule of the dilapidations to the War Office. The forms went through some time ago."

"What. Haven't they paid up yet?" she asked.

"Well, no. Actually, not quite yet. But it is merely a question of a little patience."

"They should have done it long ago," Miss Ensor said. 'What else was damaged?"

"Oh, very little, considering. A few panes of glass, various small fixtures. If you would like to see the schedule, my clerk could bring it. It is downstairs, I think."

"Don't trouble. I can see for myself, for I'm off there now. I shall catch the midday bus."

"No, no! No indeed! That I could never permit, Miss Ensor. Our Mr. Brown will drive you in his car." His manner had suddenly become warm, free, bestowing.

"Oh, very well. That will be very kind of Mr. Brown." There was no answering warmth. With the flippant freedom of old age, Miss Ensor seemed to be treating Mr. Brown as tantamount to a bus, and while Mr. Genge was implying into his desk telephone that Miss Ensor was the most cherished, the most valued of all the firm's clients (as Mr. Brown, of course, would know) she took a pencil from her bag and began sharpening it.

TO Mr. Brown, who had not seen her before, Miss Ensor seemed incalculably old, so old that if she had fallen to pieces on being exposed to the strong midday sun, it would have seemed a natural confirmation of words he had heard once or twice from Mr. Genge on the subject of Rainbow Villa: "*She'll* never need that house again."

But instead of falling to pieces, Miss Ensor climbed nimbly as a spider into the car. A jolt, Mr. Brown, thought, might finish her yet. But though his agitation and misery made him drive abominably, jolts did nothing to Miss Ensor beyond shaking her hat over one eye.

For some miles they drove on in silence. Mr. Brown thought of mentioning the beauty of the trees, the prospects of a good harvest, the changes—no, no. Good God, not changes! Not with the wrecked dwelling awaiting them, the mammocked billet of thirty-five desperately cold soldiers, the doss house of tramps, the habitation of stray cats and foxes. Suppose, at the moment they arrived, a tramp— Before he was cognizant of the words, he had said, "Why

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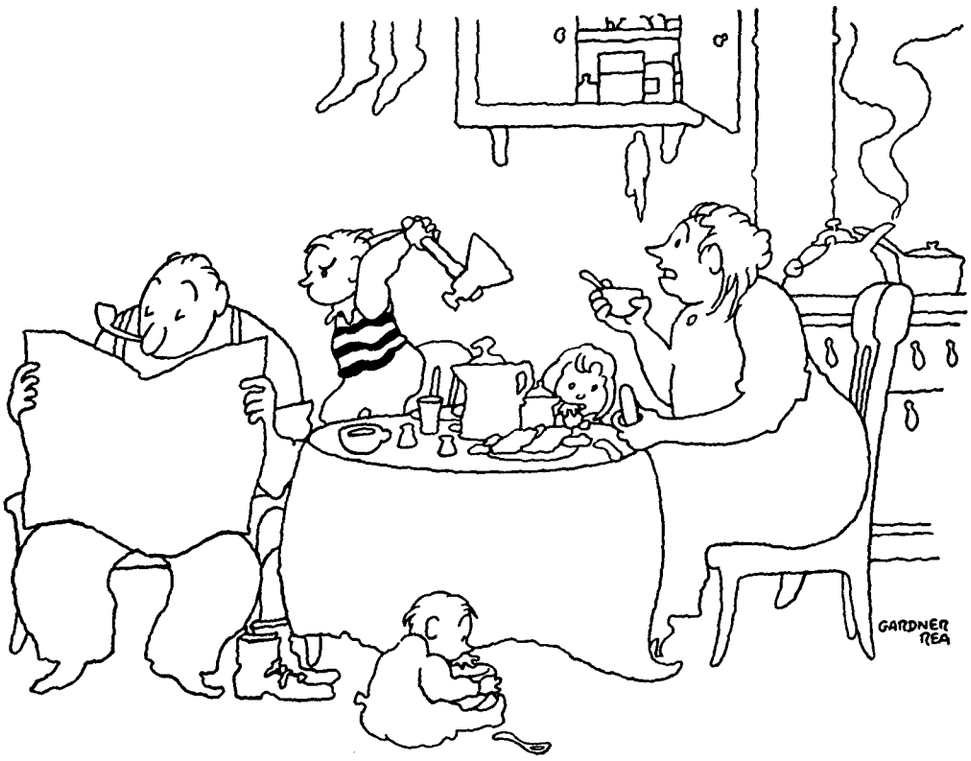

"No, no, Junior. Remember Papa's the meal ticket."

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Rainbow? Why was it called Rainbow Villa?"

"My brother thought it appropriate," Miss Ensor said.

They took the left-hand fork; the road swung between fat hedges; everything in sight looked arrogantly green, arrogantly thriving. If only the house had some creepers on it—ivy, ampelopsis, anything to muffle the first impact, make the truth less raw! But it hadn't. And again Mr. Brown's thoughts returned to the foolish question "Why Rainbow?"—of all names the silliest for a bare, square box of brown roughcast, standing like a toll house at the roadside and staring at the undulating landscape with blank, rectangular eyes, three above and two below.

"I'm afraid it may be rather a shock—" he began. But the words had been got out too late, for already the car had rounded the bend and the shock had been received. He drew up.

After a minute, Miss Ensor began to scrabble at the window lever, saying, "How does this thing work? I want to get out."

IN Mr. Brown's hand the keys of the house dangled and clattered. There was no need to use them; anyone not choosing to climb in by a window could go in by the door, which was off its hinges. But a little wire trellis had fallen across the threshold and, courteously, he pulled it to one side.

A stab of light fell on the sitting-room floor, passing through the hole in the roof and the gap in the flooring of the room above. It shone on a piece of crumpled cardboard, on which was printed "To Let. Apply Messrs. Angel, Genge & Chillmaid, Auctioneers, Estate Agents & House Agents, Market Place, Crockleford." It shone, too, on jagged bits of glass and excrement. They crossed the passage to the corresponding room. Here, too, was broken glass, but it had been swept into a corner, and in another corner was a bed of fusty bracken. The scattered ashes of a wood fire were in the grate and on the hearth were two empty bottles, a kettle, and some rags.

Gazing upward, Mr. Brown said in a voice of demented misery, "The ceiling of this one seems pretty sound."

Still silent, Miss Ensor walked on. Mr. Brown followed her to the foot of the stairs. Steps and banisters had been hacked away.

"I don't know if it's worth going up," he said. "I will, if you like. Gladly."

"Hmm." She turned and went into the kitchen, and thence into the scullery. There was a scuffling noise and a cat leaped out of a washboiler and went out by the broken window. "Poor thing! Poor pussy!" Miss Ensor cried, and her voice reminded Mr. Brown of a doll his sister had had, a doll which, when you pulled its two strings, said alternately, "Papa, Mamma." Presently she went over to the copper and looked inside. "No kittens," she said.

Ravaged with embarrassment and incompetent pity, Mr. Brown began to wring his hands. It seemed to him that Miss Ensor was simply playing on his feelings. When he heard a car approach and halt, he was so desperate he could believe that Mr. Genge, repenting, had followed them in order to take on himself the burden of this situation. But the car door did not open, and presently two voices, ladylikely loud, became audible.

"Isn't it appalling?" one voice said. "A direct hit, I suppose. We've had quite a lot of them round here."

"Looks more like blast to me," the other said.

"Oh, do you think so?" the first voice asked. "I wonder where the crater is. Did I tell you about Pamela's land mine? Of all the wizard affairs!"

Agonized at the prospect of Miss Ensor hearing her property—suffering from the inevitable decay, so Mr. Genge had said, of a house left empty in wartime—mistaken for something that had been bombed, Mr. Brown raised his own voice. "It's chiefly the woodwork, you know. It was such a bitterly cold Christmas. And the claim has gone in for that and the windows. Though, to do the men justice, some of the windows have been broken since, I'm afraid. There are a lot of children about now, rather wild children. I sometimes wonder if it's seeing all the ruin in the blitzed towns that makes them so destructive when they're sent away. Psychological, you know. Of course, the roof—but both winters have been very severe, and probably the frost cracked the cement, and tiles are so easily dislodged. I'm afraid Mr. Genge did not quite prepare you for it. The truth is he has been dreadfully busy, and labor and materials are almost impossible to get just now, and—"

Perfectly inattentive, Miss Ensor burst into tears, uttering the loud, crowing sobs of second childhood. Snorting and sobbing, she swept past Mr. Brown and his clean handkerchief and his red, compassionate face and went weeping through her ruined house and out into the glaring sunlight.

BOTH ladies leaped from the car and hurried to Miss Ensor. "No wonder you're upset! It's the shock, isn't it? So frightful, seeing one's home wrecked,

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everything gone in a minute. *Please* don't cry! We do feel for you so frightfully. I suppose you've lived here all your life. That makes it worse, doesn't it?"

That was the first lady. Now, while she was kindly patting Miss Ensor, the second lady looked up into the blue heaven and exclaimed, "Brutes! Inhuman brutes!"

"My God, yes!" the first lady cried. "Still, I suppose it ought to be some comfort that we're doing the same to them now. But that won't put your poor little house back, will it? We are so sorry for you, you know. It's ghastly, ghastly! But I'm sure you oughtn't to cry like this. Can't we take you somewhere and give you a nice cup of tea? That's what you need. Something to pull you together. You'll feel better then. Really, you will. Do come with us. We can get introduced on the way to the tea. After all, there's no room for all that nonsense in wartime, is there? That's one comfort—it has brought us together in such a natural way."

"Another comfort," said the second lady, "is that it only got the house, not you. That sort of comfort grows on one, I assure you. I know, because my own poor little place in town was blown to ribbons. And if I'd been able to get a taxi back that evening, I'd have been in it, and in ribbons too. After all, life means a lot, doesn't it?"

"Oh, definitely," agreed the first lady. "And then everyone is so marvellously brave. Think of all the people in the East End, how splendid they are. And I'm sure you are going to be just like them after you've had that cup of tea. And then you can tell us all about it. Was it a night raid or a daylight?"

This time they paused for Miss Ensor to speak. "It was thirty-five billeted soldiers," she said. "And two hard winters. And some evacuated children. So I understand. And a vilely incompetent house agent. Here he comes. You had better ask him."

The two ladies glanced incuriously at Mr. Brown and glanced away again. "I say, what rotten luck! Really, it looks just as though a bomb had got it."

After her furious speech, Miss Ensor was again in tears. Desisting from patting, the first lady began to converse with the second lady.

"Poor old soul!"

"Of course, billeting can be the very devil. Did I tell you about Jim Urquhart's billiard room?"

"*He* did. Still, one gets compensation, doesn't one?"

"Oh, yes, all that's seen to. A bit slow, of course, but wizard when it comes."

"Well, you can't expect the War Office to turn themselves into Walruses and Carpenters, can you? After all, they've got to win the war."

"I don't know about walruses. Pretty walrussy already, most of them. But they always pay up in the end."

"Oh, yes. They pay all right. Everything of that kind is seen to. There's nothing to worry about." Raising her voice, the first lady repeated these last words and added, directly to Miss Ensor, "You're sure you won't come and have tea? We'd love you to come. But I daresay you want to have a heart-to-heart with your house-agent fellow, so we won't take up any more of your time. But do cheer up, won't you? I'm sure it will all turn out much better than you think."

The second lady also begged Miss Ensor to cheer up and to remember that it might have been a bomb. And, acknowledging Mr. Brown's rigid glare with unswerving indifference, they stepped into their car and drove away.

After a while, Miss Ensor began to weep less violently and to pull up groundsel from a vaguely distinguishable flower bed. Mr. Brown, sighing heavily, began to pull up groundsel too. But seeing her pause and regard him with fury, he said, "I'm afraid we ought to be getting back. That is, if you don't mind."

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[From Betty Bly's column in the Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch]

Dear Miss Bly: I have been married two years and have a darling baby. I wish I could say the same about my husband.

"Your only trouble is, Mrs. Markham, that you're so horribly normal."

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DAYS OF INNOCENCE

THE SYNTHESIS OF NEWS

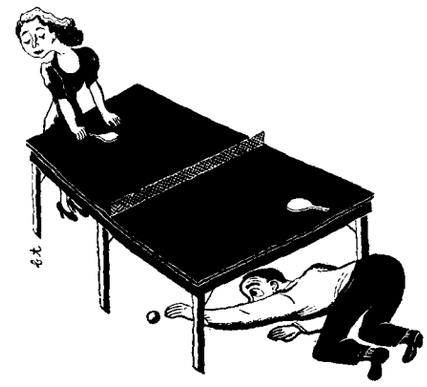
ONE of the first enemy reporters I came to terms with in the days of my journalistic puerility was an amiable, ribald fellow with a potbelly and a pointed beard, by name Leander J. de Bekker. He hailed from Kentucky by way of Cincinnati and Chicago, and was proud of the fact that he was of Dutch descent. The Dutch, he told me at our first meeting, were the champion beer-drinkers of Christendom, and had invented not only free lunch but also the growler, which got its name, so he said, from the Dutch word "*grauw*," signifying the great masses of the plain people. This de Bekker and I made many long and laborious treks together, for we were both assigned to South Baltimore, he by the Baltimore *American* and I by the *Morning Herald*, and South Baltimore was a vast area of indefinite boundaries and poor communications, with six or eight miles of waterfront. At its upper end were the wharves used by the Chesapeake Bay packets, and at its lower end the great peninsula of Locust Point, given over mainly to railroad yards and grain elevators but adorned at its nose by Fort McHenry, the bombardment of which in 1814, allegedly by a B—t—h fleet, inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star-Spangled Banner."

There was always something doing in that expansive territory, especially for a young reporter to whom all the major catastrophes and imbecilities of mankind were still more or less novel and hence delightful. If there was not a powder explosion at Fort McHenry, which was armed with smoothbore muzzle-loaders dating from 1794, there was sure to be a collision between two bay packets, and if the cops had nothing in the way of homicide, it was safe to reckon on a three-alarm fire. The blackamoors of South Baltimore in those days were above the common in virulence, and the main streets of their ghetto—York Street, Hughsie Street, and Elbow Lane—always ran blood on Saturday nights. It was on Hughsie Street, one lovely summer evening in 1899, that I saw my first murderee—a nearly decapitated colored lady who had been caught by her beau in treason to her vows. And it was in the jungle of warehouses and railroad tracks on Locust Point that I covered my first Class A fire and saw a fireman killed.

De Bekker and I and the reporter for the Baltimore *Sunpaper* (I forget his name) attended all these public events together, and since de Bekker was the eldest of the trio and had a beard to prove it, he set the tone and tempo of our endeavors. If, on an expedition to the iron wilds of Locust Point, he decided suddenly that it was time for a hiatus and a beer, we downed tools at once and made for the nearest saloon, which was never more than a block away. Unhappily, the beers of those days, especially along the waterfront, ran only a dozen or so to the keg, and it was thus sometimes difficult for us youngsters, after two or three of them, to throw ourselves into gear again. At such times, de Bekker's professional virtuosity and gift for leadership were demonstrated most beautifully.

"Why in hell," he would say, "should we walk our legs off trying to find out the name of a Polack stevedore kicked overboard by a mule? The cops are too busy dragging for the body to ask it, and when they turn it in at last, maybe tomorrow or the day after, it will be so improbable that no union printer in Baltimore will be able to set it up. Even so, they will only guess at it, as they guess at three-fourths of all the names on their books. Moreover, who gives a damn *what* it was? The fact that another poor man has given his life to engorge the Interests is not news; it happens every ten minutes. The important thing here, the one thing that brings us buzzards of the press down into this wilderness, is that the manner of his death was unusual—that men are not kicked overboard by mules every day. I move you, gentlemen, that the name of the deceased be Ignaz Karpinski, that the name of his widow be Marie, that his age be thirty-six, that he lived at 1777 Fort Avenue, and that he leaves eleven minor children."

It would seem so reasonable to the *Sun* reporter and me that we could think



of no objection, and so the sad facts would be reported in all three Baltimore morning papers the next day, along with various lively details that occurred to de Bekker after he had got down another beer. This labor-saving device was in use the whole time I covered South Baltimore for the *Herald*, and I never heard any complaint against it. Every one of our three city editors, comparing his paper with the other two, was surprised and pleased to discover that his reporter always got names and addresses right, and the three of us were often commended for our unusual accuracy. De Bekker, I should add, was a fellow of conscience and never stooped to what he called faking. That is to say, he never manufactured a story out of whole cloth. If, under his inspiration, we reported that a mad dog had run amuck down the Point and bitten twenty children, there was always an actual mad dog somewhere in the background, and our count of the victims was at least as authentic as any the cops would make. And if, when an immigrant ship tied up at the North German Lloyd pier, we made it known that fifteen sets of twins had been born during the voyage from Bremen, there were always some genuine twins aboard to support us.

THUS, in my tenderest years, I became familiar with the great art of synthesizing news and gradually took in the massive fact that journalism is not an exact science. Later, as I advanced up the ladder of the press, I encountered synthesists less conscientious than de Bekker, and indeed became one myself. It was well for me that I showed some talent, else my career might have come to disaster a year or so later, when the city editor of the *Herald*, after trying me at Police Headquarters, promoted me to the City Hall, a swell assignment in any American city, then as now. There I found myself set against two enemy reporters of polished technique and great industry—Frank R. Kent of the *Sunpaper* and Walter Alexander of the *American*—both of whom welcomed me with the traditional amiability of the craft and gave me a lot of useful help in my first, uneasy days. Kent was a youngster only a little older than I was, but Alec was already covering his third or fourth city administration, and was destined to cover a dozen more. He became, in the end, a bottomless abyss of municipal case and precedent, and mayors, comptrollers, health commissioners, city councilmen, and other such transient jobholders con-

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sulted him as diligently as they consulted the daily racing dope. Even in 1900 he was familiar with every rat hole in the City Hall, and was thus a formidable competitor.

Once I had got my legs, Kent and I tried to rope Alexander into a Camorra such as de Bekker operated in South Baltimore, but he knew very well that he would contribute a great deal more to its assets than we would, so he played coy, and there was seldom a day that he didn't beat us. One week he let us have it daily with both barrels, and we got into trouble with our city editors. There was, of course, only one remedy, and we were forced into it in haste. Thereafter we met every afternoon in Reilly's alehouse opposite the City Hall and concocted a fake to flabbergast Alec. That fake appeared the next morning in both the *Sunpaper* and the *Herald*, with refinements of detail that coincided perfectly, so the city editors of the town, including Alec's, accepted it as gospel. For a week or two, Alec tried to blitz and baffle us with real news beats, but when we proceeded from one fake a day to two, and then to three, four, and even more, he came in asking for terms, and thereafter the three of us lived in brotherly concord, with Alec turning up most of the news and Kent and I embellishing it. Our flames of fancy having been fanned, Kent and I couldn't shut them off at once, but whenever we thought of a prime fake we let Alec have it also. If it was so improbable that his somewhat literal mind gagged at it, we refrained from printing it ourselves, but in such cases we always saved it from going to waste by giving it to the City Hall man of the *Deutsche Correspondent*, a Mannheimer who was ready to believe anything, provided only it was incredible. Once we planted on him an outbreak of yellow fever in the city jail, but inasmuch as his account of it was printed in German and buried in columns of gaudy stuff about German weddings, funerals, bowling contests, and other such orgies, our city editors never discovered it.

"I size you up, sir, as a natural for our special Banjo-Seat."

• •

Frank Kent and I remained in the City Hall about a year, and until the end of that time our relations with Alec were kindly and even loving; in fact, we continued on good terms with him until his lamented death many years afterward. Unhappily, our successors never got next to him as we had, and in consequence he beat them almost every day, and often in a dramatic and paralyzing manner. In the end it was impossible for any rival reporter to stand up to him, and the rich *Sunpaper* had to shanghai him from the poor *American* to avoid disgrace and ruin. More than once Baltimoreans of public spirit, even in the City Hall, proposed that he be elected mayor himself, and in perpetuity, but like nearly every other good journalist, he looked on political office as ignominious and preferred to remain a re-

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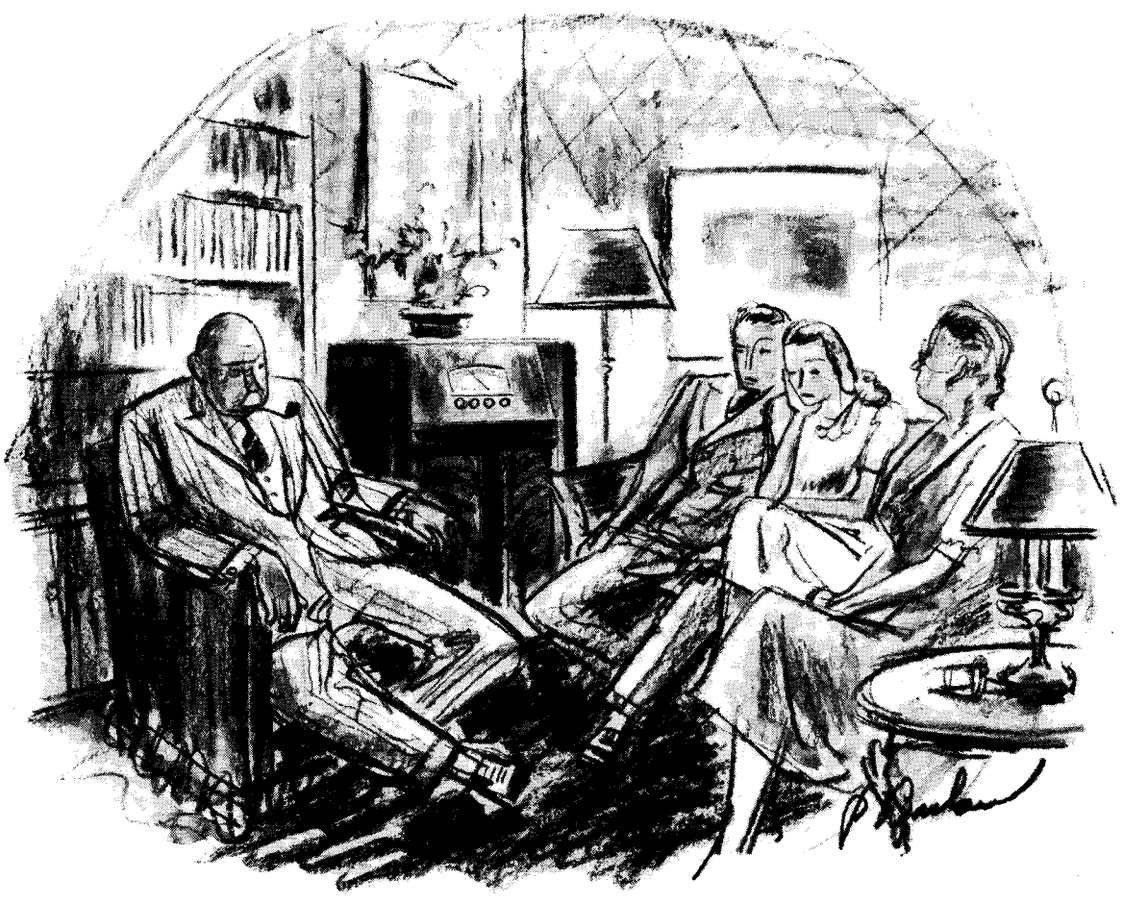
porter. When he died at last, the City Hall flag was at half-mast for a week.

THE failure of the post-Kent-Mencken flight of City Hall reporters to bring Alexander to a stand as the old masters had done was probably due not only to the natural recession of talent among them but also to a curious episode that made a dreadful pother on the *Herald* which was followed with fevered eyes by all the other journalists of Baltimore. The central figure of that episode was a reporter whose name I shall suppress, for he was unhappily an addict to the so-called handset whiskey of the Baltimore printers, and spent a large part of his time sleeping it off in police stations. Let there be a murder, a fire, or even an earthquake, and he would snore through it in one of the roomy barroom chairs that were then provided for the use of professional witnesses, phony bondsmen, and cops on reserve.

The city editor of the *Herald* was a man of enlarged views and had no objection to alcoholism as such, but a narcolept was of little more use to him than a dead man, and one rainy Sunday in the winter of 1900-01, being somewhat exacerbated by drink himself, he had the culprit before him and gave him such a bawling-out that even the office boys were aghast. Moreover, that bawling-out was reinforced by an ultimatum. If, by 6 P.M. of the same day, the culprit did not reappear in the office with a story worth at least two sticks, he was to consider himself fired for the nth and last time, with no hope of appeal, pardon, or reprieve, whether in this world or the next. The poor fish, alarmed, shuffled off to Police Headquarters and begged the cops to succor him, but they reported that the bleak, filthy Sabbath weather had adjourned all human endeavor in the town and that they had nothing in hand save two lost colored children and a runaway horse. He then proceeded to such other public offices as were open, but always he met with the same depressing response. Somewhere or other he picked up the news of the death of a saloonkeeper, but the saloonkeeper was obscure, and thus worth at most only a few lines. It began to look hopeless, but he slogged on despairingly, soaked by the rain and scarcely knowing where he was going.

This woeful odyssey took him at last to the shopping district, and he started to plod it just as dusk was coming down. Simultaneously, the arc lights which in that primitive era hung outside every store of any pretensions began to splutter on, and in his gloomy contemplation of them he was suddenly seized with an idea—the first, in all likelihood, that had occurred to him for long months, and maybe even years. Those arc lights, which were still new in the world, were above the reach of pedestrians on the sidewalks, but it would be easy to reach any of them with an umbrella. Suppose a passer-by carrying a steel-rodded umbrella should lift it to clear another passer-by's umbrella and its ferrule should touch the steel socket that held the lower carbon of one of the lights, and suppose there should be some leakage of electricity and it should shoot down the umbrella rod and into the umbrella's owner's arm and then, facilitated by his wet clothes, down his legs and into the sidewalk—what would be the effect upon the man? The speculation was an interesting one, and the poor fish paused a while to revolve it in his deteriorated mind.



"... and speaking of the rights of free peoples, my friends, how many of us want to be free from those annoying symptoms of a cold, that tickle in the nose, that hacking cough—well ..."

The next morning the *Herald* printed a story saying that a man named William T. Benson, aged forty-one, a visitor from Washington, had accidentally made the experiment in West Baltimore Street and had been knocked, figuratively speaking, into a cocked hat. There was a neat description of the way the current had thrown him halfway across the street, and a statement from him detailing his sensations en route. He had not, he said, lost consciousness, but gigantic pinwheels in all the colors of the rainbow whirled before his eyes, and in the palm of his right hand was a scarlet burn such as one

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might pick up by grasping a red-hot poker. Moreover, his celluloid collar had been set to smoking and might have burst into flames and burned his neck if a stranger had not rushed up and smothered it with his handkerchief. The doctors at the University Hospital, so it appeared, regarded Mr. Benson's escape alive as almost miraculous and laid it to the fact that he had rubber heels on his shoes. Fortunately, their science was equal to the emergency, and they predicted that their patient would be as good as new, save for his burned hand, by the following day. But they trembled to think of the possible fate of the next victim.

This story, which ran well beyond two sticks and rated a display head, saved the narcolept's job—but only temporarily. By ten o'clock the next morning more than two hundred Baltimore merchants had called up the electric company and ordered that the lights in front of their stores be taken away at once. By noon the number was close to a thousand, and by 3 P.M. the lawyers of the electric company were closeted with the publisher of the *Herald* and his veins were running ice water at their notice of a libel suit for $500,000. They were ready to prove in court, they said, that it was as impossible to get a shock from one of their lights as from a child's rattle. The whole apparatus was fool-, drunk-, boy-, idiot-, suicide-, and even giraffe-proof. It had been tested by every expert in the nation and pronounced perfect.

What became of the poor fish no one ever learned, for he got wind of the uproar before he started to the office that day and never got there at all, but vanished into space. The checkup that went on, in which half the staff was involved, produced only a headache of very high voltage. The cops knew nothing of any such accident, the doctors at the University Hospital had no record of it, and the only William T. Benson who could be found in Washington had not been in Baltimore for nine years. Nor was there any lifting of the gloom when the *Herald*'s lawyer was consulted. This gentleman (he afterward reached the eminence of a federal circuit judgeship) was one of those old-fashioned attorneys who saw every case as lost and liked to wring their clients' hearts. If we went into court, he said, we'd have to stand mute, for there was no conceivable defense, and if we offered a compromise, the electric company would be insane to take anything less than $499,999.99. The most we could hope for was that a couple of implacable utilities-haters would sneak past the company's scouts and fixers and get on the jury, and there scale down the damages to something less brutal—say $250,000.

I have communed with more than one man in the death house, but never have I seen such blues as prevailed in the *Herald* office during the month following. We printed twenty or thirty news stories acknowledging and denouncing the fake and at least a dozen editorials apologizing for it, but many of the merchants apparently decided that what could be imagined might someday actually happen, for the revenues of the electric company remained depleted and the rage and voracity of its lawyers broke all records. When the case was finally set for trial, every *Herald* man felt relieved, for it was clearly best to get the agony over, go through a receivership, and start anew. On the day before the day of fate there was really a kind of gaiety in the office. Once more it was raining dismally, but we were almost cheerful.

That afternoon a man carrying a steel-rodded umbrella lifted it to clear another pedestrian's umbrella on West Baltimore Street and the ferrule touched the lower carbon socket of one of the few surviving arc lights. When the cops got him to hospital, he was dead.

—H. L. MENCKEN

•

"Now I suppose you all expect a tongue-lashing."

•

Architect Hollis W. Kincaid has opened an office at 7 South Main Street, West Hartford. For the past two years he has been employed in the public works department of the state. Mr. Kincaid will specialize in work.—*Hartford Courant.*

Good!

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PROFILES

KLONDIKE STEF-I

Vilhjalmur Stefansson

ALTHOUGH Vilhjalmur Stefansson has never set foot on either the North or South Pole, has never named a mountain range after Charles V. Bob, has never poked around under the arctic ice in a submarine, and has never eaten one of his associates, he is considered by many sober scientists to be the greatest living explorer. For thirty-seven years, Stefansson has been the debunker of the Frozen North. During his period of exploration—from 1904 to 1918—he swept across the Arctic like a blizzard, almost obliterating all traces of previous explorers. Now sixty-one years old, he has sequestered himself deep in Greenwich Village, where he has spent most of his time since retiring from the ice. Tall and heavy, with a barrel chest, thick gray hair, and eyes that squint slightly, as though trying to penetrate the darkness of a winter night, he works about seventy hours a week, writing, lecturing, and advising various interested persons on the problems of living in the Arctic. Now that the country has a definite concern in Iceland and Greenland, these interested persons include numerous government officials. In fourteen books, between three and four hundred magazine articles, several thousand lectures, and innumerable conversations, he has tirelessly expounded his conviction that the region around the North Pole is warm, comfortable, abundant in game, and entirely lovable. In his best-known book, "The Friendly Arctic," which he wrote in 1920, he said that the Arctic Ocean is an almost ideal place to hunt and that early explorers who had failed to take advantage of the game had either neglected to look about them or had been too intent on eating their dogs. The late Roald Amundsen, Stefansson's chief rival in exploration, was so outraged by this statement that when he wrote his autobiography he went to considerable trouble to attempt to prove that Stefansson was an outright quack, saying, among other things, that "The Friendly Arctic" was full of "harmful and dangerous nonsense." Stefansson was unmoved by this difference of professional opinion. At a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in London, a short while after Amundsen's book came out, Stefansson read the most violent parts of the attack into the records, without comment.

For some reason, the importance of Stefansson's concept of the North has been accepted more readily in other countries than it has in America. The Russians, for example, were staggered when, upon reading "The Friendly Arctic," they realized that lying just north of them was a vast, habitable region of great potential worth. Stefansson's books so altered their idea of the Arctic that they started a movement toward the North Pole which somewhat resembled our celebrated advance on the Klondike. A couple of years ago, Stefansson took note of his sixtieth birthday in the comparative obscurity of a Village basement café, sipping beer with a few polar-minded friends. In Russia, recognition of the same birthday assumed the aspect of a minor national holiday, observed with newspaper fanfare and social functions in the explorer's honor. While Stefansson's books are optional reading in many American schools and colleges, they are required reading in most English schools. Before the current war started, a great many English boys and girls were active in exploring clubs, all of which used Stefansson's works as handbooks. The majority of American scientists, at least, have a hearty respect for Stefansson's accomplishments. One of them, Earl P. Hanson, an arctic authority of note himself, said recently, "I consider Stefansson the most important explorer since Prince Henry the Navigator."

IT is quite likely that if Vilhjalmur Stefansson had not decided, at the age of twenty-two, to change his name from William Stephenson to its Norwegian equivalent, he would never have turned out to be an explorer at all. He was then a junior at the University of North Dakota, in the class of 1903. His parents, of Norwegian extraction, had both been born in Iceland. They had Anglicized the name Stefansson when, in 1876, they migrated to Canada, where William was born in 1879. The family later moved to a farm in North Dakota. William, as he grew up, was never comfortable with the name Stephenson, or, for that matter, the name William. He felt they were drab. One day a sociology professor remarked in a lecture on nonconformity that it took moral courage for a person to hang onto a jawbreaker of a name whether his neighbors could pronounce it or not, and the young man made up his mind. He stepped down to the courthouse and straightened out what he had long regarded as an unfortunate error. As Stephenson he had led a fairly routine life, but as the newborn Stefansson he was soon gratified to observe that things were beginning to happen. Under the stimulus of the exotic name, he expanded his activities on the North Dakota campus and was kicked out in less than seven months.

The story of Stefansson's expulsion from the university sheds at least a dim light on what it is in a man's makeup that sends him prowling about the poles in search of virgin ice. It also reveals something of the restiveness and contempt for tradition which later made Stefansson in particular a sort of problem child of the Arctic. It is noteworthy that although he was innocent of the specific mischief which led to his dismissal, the faculty, as one man, seized upon him as the culprit. The faculty was only playing the law of averages. When something extraordinary occurred on the North Dakota campus at that time, Stefansson, living up to his picturesque new name, was nine chances out of ten responsible. If he was innocent, it was generally because he had been sick or out of town. When Stefansson arrived at the university he was almost unbearably erudite, having supplemented his schooling by privately learning Norwegian, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, and German and making vigorous excursions into the literature of all five languages. He developed a habit of heckling his professors with demonstrations of his superior knowledge, chal-

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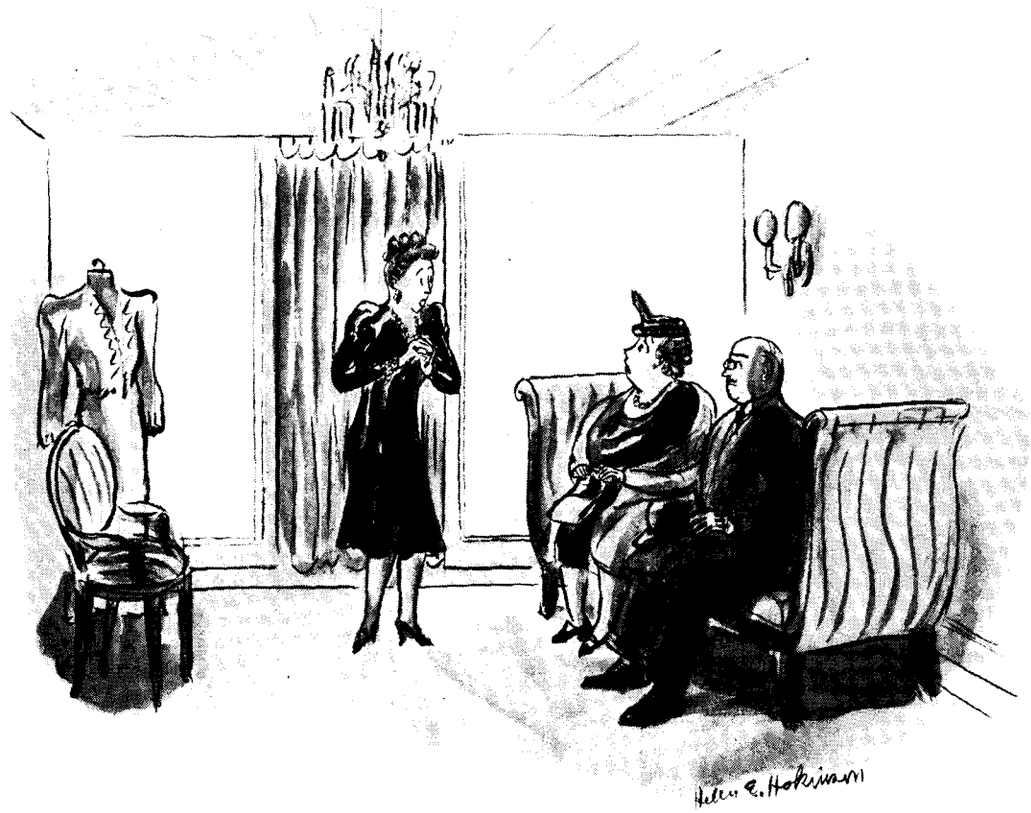
lenging practically everything they said. One professor, at the end of a term, checked up on Stefansson's attendance record and found it alarming. "How is it," he asked the youth, "that you got a grade of ninety in my class and only attended two lectures?" "If I hadn't attended those two," replied Stefansson equably, "I would doubtless have got a hundred." He was never popular with his teachers; most of them regretted the fact that he was too large for corporal punishment. One of Stefansson's opinions was that football players should not have to exercise their brains, and he found a way to help some of them avoid it. He would herd them into an ancient-history class taught by a man who was exceptionally nearsighted and then recite brilliantly for all of them. When his own name was called, he would answer, if feeling unusually perverse, that he had not studied the lesson.

During his junior year, a secret committee raised funds for a group of impoverished athletes, in violation of the college rules. The president of the university and several members of the faculty descended on Stefansson as the probable ringleader. They found him in his dormitory room, reading poetry. The president summed up his complaints by saying that Stefansson had "undermined the morale of the institution." One of the local newspapers reported inaccurately that the youth had been accused of undermining the morals of the institution. Actually, Stefansson had had nothing whatever to do with the athletic-subsidy plan and was exonerated, but, being considered an all-round bad influence, he was held indirectly responsible and was asked to leave school. Accepting his lot stoically, he was made the central figure of a spectacular funeral procession in which the sympathetic students, dressed in black, carted him away from the campus in a wheelbarrow. Recently, one of his classmates, commenting on Stefansson's career at the university, said, "Stef never was what you would call a bad boy. He was just more active than is common."

STEFANSSON was even more active after his dismissal. His father had died several years before and his mother was living, with an older son and two daughters, near Grand Forks, North Dakota. Stefansson went to work as a reporter on the Grand Forks *Daily Plain Dealer* and worked himself up to the job of city editor within a few months. His stay on the *Daily Plain Dealer* was brief. While covering a state Democratic convention, Stefansson discovered that the party had not yet named a candidate for State Superintendent of Education. He told the party leaders, truthfully, that he had taught a little school here and there while working his way through college and would be available, if pressed, for the candidacy. He was pressed and gave up his job in order to campaign. He was defeated, along with the rest of the Democratic candidates.

It was at this point that Stefansson decided to continue his education, having determined that he would store up a fund of learning and become a professional poet. He methodically wrote to every university in the country asking that he be allowed to enter as a freshman and advance as rapidly as he could pass examinations. Evidently news of his career at North Dakota had been circulated rather widely, for he received only six favorable replies to his letters. One was from the State University of Iowa, and in the fall of 1902 he enrolled there on his own peculiar terms. Stefansson achieved sophomore standing shortly before Christmas, became a junior by Easter, a senior a few weeks later, and graduated, with a Bachelor of Arts degree, a week before his old class graduated at North Dakota. He supported himself during this phase of his college career by doing odd jobs. One of these was assisting a man who captured and sold wild horses. Stefansson was engaged as general helper, but it was soon discovered that he had the knack of salesmanship, so his employer did most of the heavy work and let Stefansson do the selling. The fall after his graduation from Iowa, Stefansson entered upon a short season of soul-searching, and enrolled at Harvard as a divinity student. To friends who asked him to explain



"Oh, dear, isn't this the gentleman who gets so angry at boleros?"

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this move, he said, "I am interested in anthropology."

Stefansson lost his enthusiasm for the study of religion in less than a year and, remaining at Harvard, plunged into a wholesale examination of the natural sciences. As a scientific student he was impressive. Within a year he was made an assistant instructor in anthropology. During this period he became convinced that the Arctic would be an excellent place to study anthropology and decided to go there the first chance he got. He completely discarded his ambition to become a poet. "I began to see," he has written in one of his books, "that there is not only the poetry of words but a poetry of deeds." In 1905 he received permission and financial backing from Harvard to lead a party of students on an archeological field trip to Iceland. If any of the party had the notion that they were embarking on an outing, it was dispelled shortly after they went ashore. Taking his place at the head of the group, Stefansson started to walk, and before he was through covered the greater part of the island, tramping briskly over glaciers, up and down mountains, and along most of the shore line.

THE establishment of Stefansson as a major-league explorer took place in 1906. On the strength of an article he had written about the Norsemen's discovery of Greenland, he was invited to accompany an expedition to Alaska organized by two explorers named Ernest de Koven Leffingwell and Ejnar Mikkelsen. Stefansson gave up his job at Harvard and accepted. Instead of joining the expedition ship at Victoria, British Columbia, as was suggested, he said he would rather go overland from Boston and meet the ship at Herschel Island, in the Arctic Ocean off the mouth of the Mackenzie River. It was typical of Stefansson that even in his fledgling stage as an explorer he was unable to do anything in the expected manner. He could have saved himself considerable trouble by getting on a train for British Columbia, but he preferred to go the hard way. Since Leffingwell and Mikkelsen were committed to pay his expenses only from Victoria, Stefansson had to contribute some funds of his own and purchase his own equipment. One of his Harvard colleagues, recalling Stefansson's departure, has said, "He looked as if he didn't have a dime to his name. When he started off, he had his things tied up in a bandanna handkerchief. He looked like a tramp-walker on the Pennsylvania Railroad." Actually, Stefansson had nearly a thousand dollars saved up, but he believed in travelling light.

The trip to Herschel Island turned out to be even more complicated than he had hoped. The northerly portion of the route to the mouth of the Mackenzie River was not, it seems, especially well travelled. In fact, Stefansson is believed to have hacked out a new route all by himself. His means of locomotion were various. Along some of the early Canadian stretches, too craggy for hiking, he was reduced to riding on a train. At other times he travelled on horseback, floated down streams on rafts, swam, or walked. Although Stefansson has consistently minimized the hardships of the north country, he frankly says that certain incidents of this trip were distasteful. He has owned up that he suffered a good deal from mosquitoes. "They came down from the sky in clouds," he says. "Some of them looked like buzzards." Stefansson fashioned a device to discourage the mosquitoes. He ac-

INNER-SPRING MATTRESSES

Americans have invented many undesirable things,
The most notable being mattresses with inner springs.

Developed on the principle that beds should be pliant,
Mattresses of today are no longer self-reliant.

They not only conform to the shape of *you*
But to the shape of a couple of other people, too.

You go to bed and you are true and straight;
You arise next morning and you are a figure eight.

You get into bed and turn on your belly
And discover you are suspended in guava jelly.

Your day may be done, with its troubles and toils,
But your night is beginning, with its series of coils.

I would rather go down in a storm off Hatt'ras
Than founder in bed on an inner-spring mattress.

I have slept, in my time, on all sorts of material,
But an inner-spring mattress is the most ethereal.
I have slept on kapok, down, and floss,
I have bedded on shavings and straw and moss,
I've slept in gully and in savanna,
In dried-up streams near Butte, Montana;
I've slept quite prone in dark morasses,
And bolt upright in history classes,
On every kind of a mound and lump,
In Louisville, Kentucky's, municipal dump;
I've lain on hillocks, crests, and knolls,
In cracks and crevices and in holes,
In fields and sidings and in stables,
In empty conference rooms, on tables,
On flat-bed presses and in tanneries,
On old board floors, with mice, in granaries;
I've slept in sand traps on green fairways,
Reclined (with hostesses) on airways,
But though my dreams at times aborted,
My back and thighs were well supported.
I'll take any bed from saint or sinner
Provided it has no springs that are inner.

Love, you may bring me my cap and my nightie,
And trot out that slab of lignum vitae.

—E. B. W.

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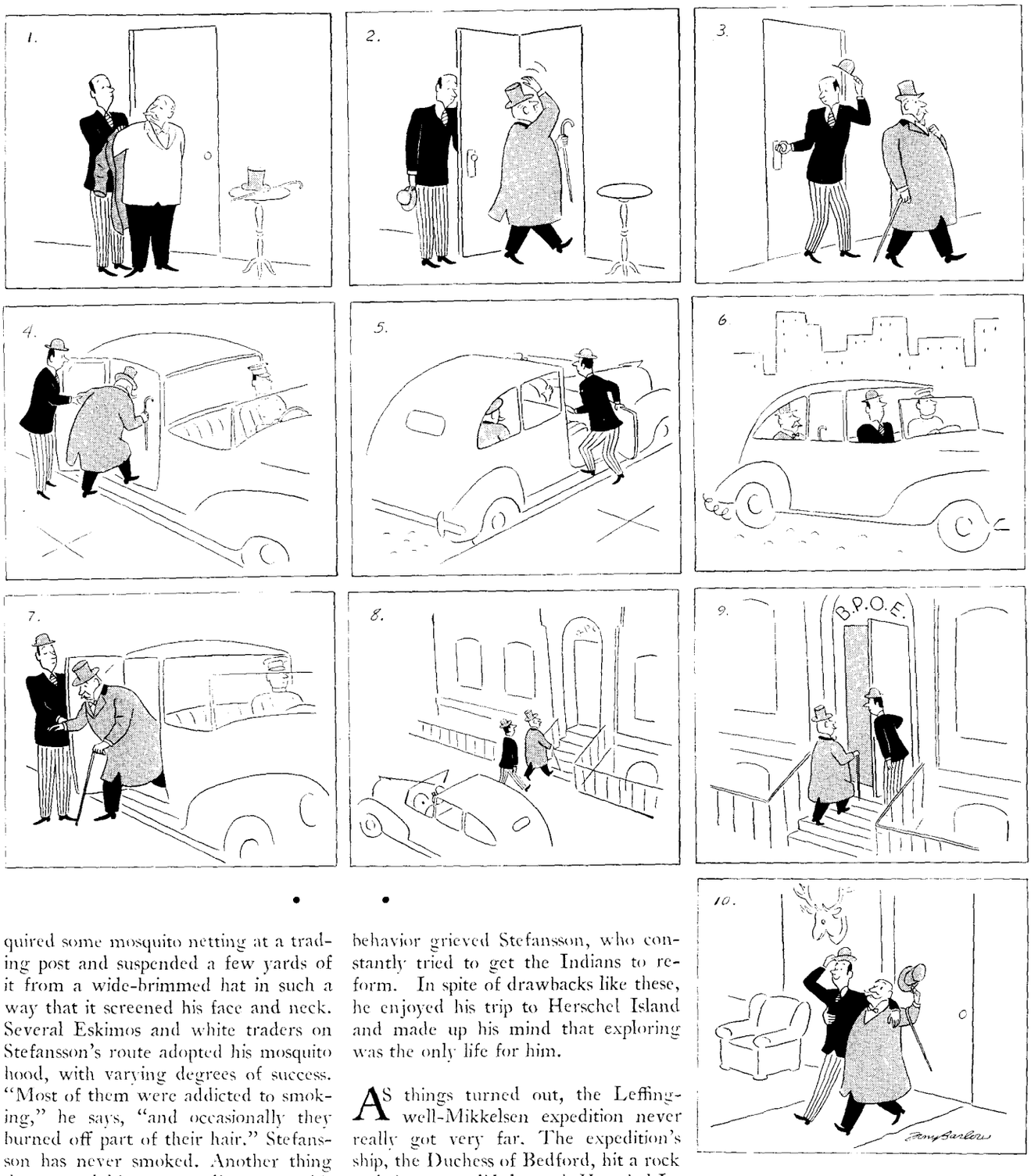

quired some mosquito netting at a trading post and suspended a few yards of it from a wide-brimmed hat in such a way that it screened his face and neck. Several Eskimos and white traders on Stefansson's route adopted his mosquito hood, with varying degrees of success. "Most of them were addicted to smoking," he says, "and occasionally they burned off part of their hair." Stefansson has never smoked. Another thing that caused him severe dismay on this overland journey was the Canadian Indians' unfriendly attitude toward their sled dogs. With the disappearance of snow in the spring, the Indians, no longer having an immediate use for their dogs, turned them loose to forage for their food. The dogs usually had trouble finding any and skulked about the fringes of the camps. The Indians then provided themselves with large clubs and conducted competitions to see who could beat the dogs the hardest. This behavior grieved Stefansson, who constantly tried to get the Indians to reform. In spite of drawbacks like these, he enjoyed his trip to Herschel Island and made up his mind that exploring was the only life for him.

As things turned out, the Leffingwell-Mikkelsen expedition never really got very far. The expedition's ship, the Duchess of Bedford, hit a rock and the group didn't reach Herschel Island. Stefansson was, of course, distressed when news of the shipwreck was brought to the island by a whaler, but his concern was wholly for Leffingwell and Mikkelsen, who, though they survived the shipwreck, were forced to give up exploring for a while. As for his being on his own in the Arctic, he was delighted. The first thing he did was to look around for some Eskimos to move in with. He spent the next thirteen months living with them. Stefansson's observations during this sojourn laid the foundation for a refreshingly new concept of the Arctic. Never a man to be misguided by tradition, he decided first of all that his surroundings were devoid of the terrors ascribed to them by other explorers. He noted with interest that the climate, compared, say, to Montana's, was moderate and that the grass was pleasantly green in the spring. The Eskimos themselves had a particular fascination for him. To begin with, he

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"Oh, you'd like Thoreau."

• •

found that they needed some pointers on how to live in the North. Within a few weeks after Stefansson had taken up residence with his new friends, he was teaching them how to build better snowhouses. The reason the Eskimos didn't build snowhouses to suit Stefansson was that they were out of practise. For some years they had, contrary to the popular notion, been residing comfortably in tents or wooden shacks, building snowhouses only on occasional hunting trips. They were grateful, though surprised, when their white guest improved the design of these temporary dwellings. Stefansson also gave the Eskimos some valuable advice on hunting. Altogether, he provided them with numerous short cuts to pleasant living in the Arctic, and at the same time he absorbed quite a few ideas the Eskimos had managed to develop by themselves.

When he returned to civilization, he reported that he had had a wonderful time. He turned over his scientific findings to Harvard and to Toronto University, each of which agreed to reimburse him for part of the expenses of the trip. Then he started writing magazine articles, in which he blew up all prevailing notions about the Eskimo. He pictured the Eskimo as living in comfort and ease in a land of limitless bounty. He said that no Eskimo had ever suffered from stomach ache or scurvy until the white man persuaded him to eat vegetables, and that Eskimo dwellings were generally overheated. Among the persons most interested in this news were a number of men who had tarried briefly in northern Alaska or Canada and were supporting themselves by lecturing on the woefully primitive condition of the people who lived there. They were deeply hurt when Stefansson, writing about the Eskimos, said, "I was surprised at their kindness, courtesy, and hospitality. I was surprised at how little conspicuous were the filth and other horrors I had read about, although there was enough for literary material if suitably magnified."

Stefansson greatly expanded his revolutionary concept of the Arctic on subsequent explorations. Late in 1907, scarcely thawed out from his sojourn on Herschel Island, he dropped in at the American Museum of Natural History to ask financial backing for another trip to the North. The Museum vice-president, the late Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, was gloomily estimating the expense of such a venture when Stefansson said he thought that two thousand dollars would cover everything. This amount, which would just about keep the average Arctic expedition in tobacco, was cheerfully promised by Dr. Osborn, and Stefansson set out again. The Museum's contribution was to be used for supplies that Stefansson would pick up at an agreed-upon point in the Arctic. Owing to his penchant for side trips, however, the Museum was unable to locate him for several years. It spent fourteen thousand dollars trying to get two thousand dollars' worth of supplies to him. Meanwhile Stefansson was happily mushing over the snow, sometimes with an associate named Rudolph Martin Anderson, sometimes by himself, sometimes with a group of Eskimos, and occasionally with a dog or two. He spent considerable time in Eskimo villages and made detailed entries in a diary of everything he saw and did. His expedition turned out particularly well; he explored a large section of uncharted land and an obscure river named the Horton, and reported that he had run onto a tribe of blond Eskimos. This last announcement caused widespread argument among scientists; some of them said they thought the blond Eskimos were a figment of Stefansson's imagination. Later expeditions verified his discovery, however, and it is now regarded as of immense anthropological importance. The accepted theory is that Stefansson's blond Eskimos are descendants of Norse explorers who penetrated into the Arctic by way of Greenland. On the whole, the Museum considered its money well spent, although none of it ever caught up with Stefansson.

THE most elaborate of Stefansson's expeditions, which lasted from 1913 to 1918, cost $150,000 and was financed by the Canadian government. This venture, on which Stefansson took six ships and a hundred and fifty men, including fifteen scientists, got off to a disheartening start. One of the ships, the Karluk, under the command of the now well-known Captain Bob Bart-

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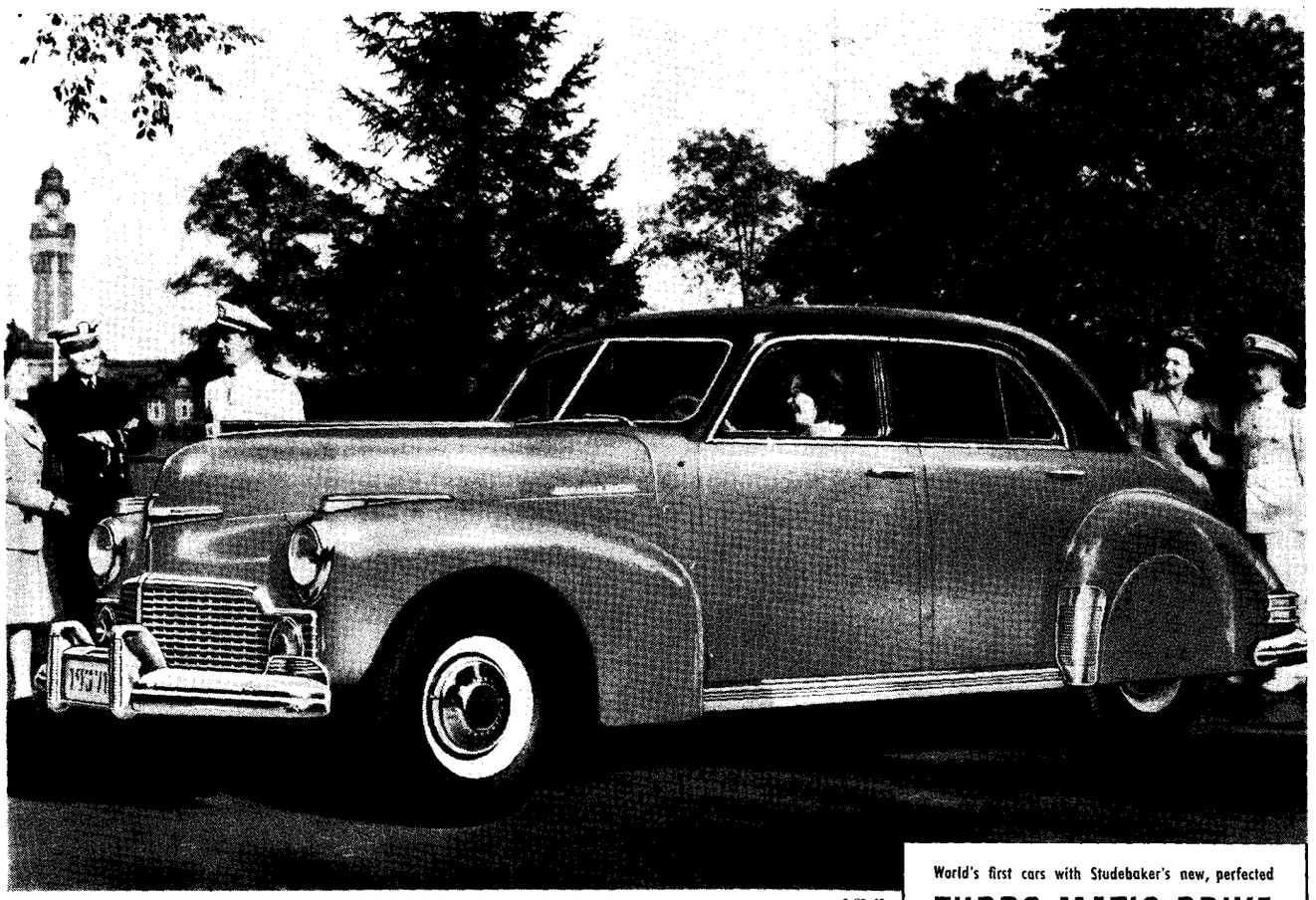
It's high hat in looks

but we engineered it to save you a hat full of money



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lett, became wedged in ice off Point Barrow, Alaska, drifted westward, and sank, with much valuable scientific apparatus. As a result, ten men of the ship's party shortly afterward lost their lives through freezing, scurvy, drowning, or carbon-monoxide poisoning caused by being cooped up in tents with kerosene stoves. After the loss of the Karluk, some of the scientists in the expedition tried to persuade Stefansson to return to civilization. He replied that he was unable to go home at that moment because he was preparing to go out on the ice floes with a couple of men and see if they could live solely off whatever wild life they were able to kill; other members of the expedition were to remain on the coast of Alaska to do research in oceanography, geology, zoology, and other sciences. This announcement nearly resulted in a mutiny. A few of the scientists feared that their commander's brain was beginning to suffer from the arctic sun. They reminded him that all the other northern explorers agreed that the arctic sea was completely devoid of life. "You'll starve in less than a month," one of them told him. Stefansson replied that he had studied this theory and found it untenable. "It sounds like hokum, fellows," he said, and continued his preparations for his experiment. When the dissenters threatened to withhold certain equipment from him, Stefansson took a roll call of the party to see how many were loyal. Through the efforts of a hardy group headed by Hubert Wilkins and Burt Morton McConnell, who have since become famous in their own right, he finally got a unanimous vote of confidence.

When Stefansson, accompanied by two men named Storker Storkerson and Ole Andreasen, took to the ice late in March of 1914, it was against the advice of most of the white residents in the North and a good many of the Eskimos. The general feeling was that they would not survive. Quite a crowd gathered to see the men off and there was much head-shaking. Stefansson and his companions took with them six dogs, a sled that could be converted into a boat, two rifles, three hundred and thirty rounds of ammunition, food for a few weeks, and sleeping, cooking, and scientific equipment. Promising to meet one of the expedition's ships in about three months at Norway Island, five hundred miles to the east, the men stepped from the shores of Alaska onto the ice and disappeared in a thick swirl of snow. For the next few days they were in the middle of a wild storm. The wind was measured at eighty-six miles an hour on land and out on the ice it was believed to be considerably fresher. Stefansson began to meditate on the loyalty of his friend the Arctic. "The gale proved to be the worst I have ever seen at sea," he has written. On the first night, after having travelled several miles despite the deafening gale, flying snow that stung like sand, and jagged ice underfoot, the men pitched a small tent and holed up. During the night the Arctic showed further evidence of its friendliness when the ice around them began to break up. Stefansson decided that they should take turns standing watch outside the tent, but this precaution was worthless because the lookout was unable to see more than a few inches in front of his face. The three men passed a restless night.

By morning the storm had abated sufficiently for them to hear a dog howl outside the tent. Visibility had increased to ten yards. Stefansson judged these conditions to be favorable for travelling and the men struck out again. The going was rough; several times they nearly fell into fissures. Since the object of the trip was to prove there was life on the arctic sea, they kept an eye out for signs of game. No animal life was apparent during the first hundred miles, and the party, including the dogs, went on half rations. The absence of game persisted until the men were living on a few grains of rice a day and the dogs were eying each other wistfully.

On May 13th, the men were much cheered by the sight of several seals in the water. Stefansson oiled up one of the rifles and shot two, which promptly sank. Later he shot two more, which also sank. Many natives of the Arctic believed that seals shot in the springtime sank because they had lost their fat in the winter. Stefansson assured his despairing companions that this theory was false, in spite of the evidence he had just accumulated. "It's because river water is coming in here and making them less buoyant," he said. "The next one we shoot will float." The following day he shot another seal, which didn't sink. The three men fished it out of the sea and sat down jubilantly to a meal of seal meat and blubber. The next day they all came down with snow blindness.

Like every other arctic horror, snow blindness has been debunked by Stefansson. "You don't get blind at all," he says. "Your eyes just get sore." Since the practical result is the same—the eyes becoming much too sore to open—Stefansson and his companions were forced to take to their sleeping bags, their heads bandaged to keep out the light. When they got up again a few days afterward they were heartened to see many signs of game in the neighborhood. As they progressed over the ice, using the seagoing sled to get from one floe to another, they encountered numerous seals and foxes, and even bear tracks. Stefansson was overjoyed; his theory that there was animal life on the arctic sea was indisputably verified. The presence of bears, seals, and foxes also proved that the sea contained fish. Stefansson's companions were no less overjoyed, though for a slightly different reason; they were relieved to learn that they had a good chance of finishing out the summer as live explorers.

As the weather grew warmer the gaps between the floes grew wider, and finally, on May 24th, the three men found further progress impossible. They were marooned on a drifting island of ice about four miles square, surrounded on all sides by at least five miles of open water. Their floe, though confining, was not without food. It proved to be a popular gathering place for polar bears, one of which nearly reversed Stefansson's plans for a meal. It played possum when he fired at it, then sprang at him when he approached it. Luckily, it was hit in the head by a shot from Stefansson's rifle when he accidentally pulled the trigger as he fell over backward. The bears wandered in and out of camp almost every day, looking for food. They made the three men's internment more exciting, since it was always a tossup whether the bears or the explorers would eat. A man less sold on the Arctic than Stefansson might have considered these persistent visits a nuisance, but he says he never minded the bears. "They were no more trouble than a bunch of pesky dogs," he says.

The party spent a tense two weeks adrift on this floe, fearful that it would split into small, uninhabitable parts, but they nevertheless carried on their scientific work, such as sounding the ocean, collecting meteorological data, and opening fishes' bellies to see what kind of food was inside. Stefansson decided to leave the floe after a gale had blown them to within a mile of the main ice pack. Loaded with all it could carry, a heavy head sea breaking over its bows, the dogs huddled howling amidships, Storkerson and Andreasen paddling frantically, and Stefansson looking about calmly and enjoying the trip, the amphibious sled made the crossing, though one of the men has since said that if

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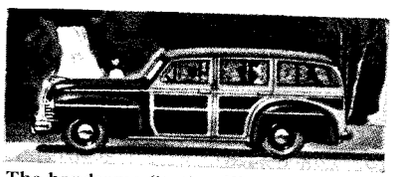

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there had been another fifty yards of water it probably would have sunk. The party spent several more weeks pushing across the pack toward Norway Island, fighting blizzards, bears, rough seas, crumbling ice, and deep snowdrifts. Their average daily trek over the drifting ice was about ten miles. The wind and currents, naturally, shifted from time to time, so occasionally, when the adventurers, after an exhausting day, came to check up, they found that they had lost several miles. Early in the morning of June 23rd, after ninety-three days on the ice, the three men sighted land. It turned out to be a small island near their destination. If Stefansson was even mildly astonished or delighted to learn that he was about to complete his experiment exactly according to plan, his companions never knew it. He stepped ashore, surveyed his surroundings briefly, commented, "Interesting countryside," then walked off in search of game with the preoccupied air of a man bound for the corner newsstand.

The world, which had believed Stefansson dead, was informed, by way of an Eskimo runner and telegraph, of his deliverance. It was not long, however, before Stefansson was missing again. During the next few years he developed into a permanent feature of the obituary pages. Some newspapers, cautious from past experience, became reluctant to pronounce him dead. Once, in 1915, when he was missing and generally believed by the press to have died, an article in the *Sun* started off, "Somewhere in the Arctic, perhaps in wastes of ice-covered land never before seen or trod upon by man, is Stefansson, discoverer of the blond Eskimos."

AS a class, explorers do not tend to pay one another compliments, but most of them, who affectionately call Stefansson "Klondike Stef," agree that his work in the Arctic was spectacular. They also say, however, that members of his expeditions were always nervously trying to figure out what he would do next. His activities never followed a pattern. Possibly for fear of getting in a rut, he usually managed to be doing three or four things at once. Having heard that no explorer had ever mastered the Eskimo language, he set to work and learned it down to the last difficult inflection, though this took him five years. In a tribute to Stefansson's comparatively foodless sortie onto the ice, one man who was on the expedition has since said, "It is my considered opinion that Stefansson is the

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greatest hunter since Daniel Boone." Stefansson's associates attribute his success as a hunter partly to his extraordinary doggedness. They relate that he would think nothing of crawling a mile through slush on his stomach just to draw a bead on a seal. When sweeping a countryside with binoculars, Stefansson considered an hour about right for one look. "You move them around fast and you'll miss things," he would say. Once, after his companions on an expedition had taken their usual quick look and reported no game in sight, Stefansson sat down on a hillock, gazed a while through his glasses, then announced that he had seen one wolf, one fox, eight hares, four king eiders, nine Pacific eiders, five squaw ducks, and three dark geese. Stefansson is apt to disparage his hunting ability. "Hunting is a trade," he usually says, "no more difficult than plumbing." Not long ago he was invited to talk on hunting before the Boone and Crockett Club, a group of wealthy New York sportsmen. The members were rather peeved when Stefansson arose and delivered a long protest against people who go about killing animals just for fun. One of the members said later, "He talked about hunting all right, but his whole attitude seemed to be sympathetic to the quarry."

In the North, Stefansson always adopted the Eskimos' manner of living and instructed his men to do likewise. He would tell them, for instance, that the only way to sleep warm in a temperature of forty degrees below zero is to sleep naked in a wolfskin bag. The men would grumble, wishing to keep on at least their underwear, but would finally take his advice, because he proved to be right most of the time. "The main thing," he frequently told them, "is to be adaptable." A few years ago, Stefansson was supposed to make a commencement address on "Courage" at the University of Pittsburgh. After he had been introduced by the president of the university, Stefansson got up and said, "I will be unable to talk on courage, knowing nothing whatever about it, but will talk instead on the vastly more important quality of *adaptability*."

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(This is the first of two articles on Mr. Stefansson. The second will appear next week.)

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THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*From the Shreveport (La.) Times*]

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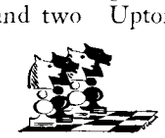
THE ARMY LIFE

IV—TROOP TRANSPORT

WHEN, a week or so ago, the announcement went up on my company bulletin board at Camp Upton one evening that I was to be shipped the next day to Camp Croft, South Carolina, for the thirteen weeks of basic training that almost every selectee receives, I was startled. For one thing, I had never heard of Camp Croft until two days before, when a group of tanned and drawling Southern officers had arrived at Upton with the purpose of escorting some boys down their way. For another thing, I had learned within that forty-eight-hour interval that Camp Croft was an infantry-replacement training centre, and accordingly had never suspected that I would be sent there. No new selectee ever thinks of himself as having the qualifications of an infantryman, preferring to envision himself in some other line, such as driving a small, upholstered truck. After convincing my family by telephone that Camp Croft really existed and that I was really going there, I went to bed. It wasn't until I had spent some time there, musing about corn and pone, that it occurred to me that I had probably given my mother the erroneous impression that, as an infantryman, I would walk to South Carolina. I devoted most of the next morning to straightening out my mother, packing my military belongings into a barracks bag, and looking for a corporal who owed me thirty cents, or almost half a day's pay. I never did find him, nor, I discovered later, a little bit south of North Carolina, did a number of other privates from whom he had borrowed equally substantial sums of money.

Five hundred and twenty-two of us, almost all New Yorkers, left for Croft together. Before boarding a special train consisting of fifteen Pullmans and two baggage cars that had been converted into rolling kitchens, we were briefly instructed by a lieutenant colonel from Croft, who was in command of our expedition, on some matters of deportment. The Army takes no chances on the knowledge or experience of its protégés, and we were therefore carefully warned not to put our hands or heads out of the windows of our train, lest we lose them. Our leader added that we were not to leave the train, even by conventional exits, unless expressly ordered to and that, finally, we were under no circumstances to say anything to civilians we might encounter that could possibly sound like "Yoo-hoo." Just before three o'clock in the afternoon we climbed on board, with our bags perched on our shoulders, and rode off while the Upton band, standing along the tracks, played that martial air "Roll Out the Barrel." We had barely settled ourselves, forty-odd to a car and three to a section, when we were informed that of every three men one would sleep in an upper berth and the two others would be obliged to occupy a lower, concurrently. The triumvirate to which I belonged drew lots, and I found myself entitled to half a lower, which I shared with a fellow who, as a small boy, undoubtedly had been called Chubby. He had, moreover, a slight cold, and when I said that I hoped he would keep it to himself, he countered with the remark that at least he was not a restless sleeper, like some people. We argued each other into a state of tentative accord on the premise that these are parlous times and that sacrifices must be made by all.



IT usually takes something over two hours to get from Upton to Pennsylvania Station. It took us five, principally because we stopped near Hicksville, on the edge of a vegetable patch, for supper. We had previously been told to remove our knives, forks, and spoons from our mess kits, and, with these implements in our hands, we leaped off the train and waited in line to be served out of a variety of caldrons and boxes unpacked from one of the baggage cars. Using paper cups and plates, we dined on frankfurters and sauerkraut, boiled potatoes, bread and jam, ice cream, cupcakes, and iced tea. It was as good an Army meal as I had had, and there were plenty of extra helpings. A Croft sergeant, whom I had heard compare the Upton food unfavorably to that of his base camp, confessed to me that he was just finishing his fifth brick of ice cream. A sixth and a seventh were melting quietly in his free hand. After supper I was advised by a soldier with Boy Scout training to clean my knife by plunging it into the ground. I did so, not particularly cleaning the knife but at any rate creating vast confusion among a nation of ants.

When our train resumed its determined way toward Penn Station, some of the boys began playing cards on tables they had procured from a porter whom everyone hilariously called George. Other soldiers explored a pile of magazines that had been put on board at Upton. Noticing an idle copy of *Life* on one private's lap and remembering that I hadn't seen the latest issue, I asked if I might borrow it for a couple of minutes. After puzzling over the magazine for a while, I discovered that it was a March, 1940, number, and I pointed this out rather sharply to my colleague. "Listen, soldier," he replied, accurately, "you're not a civilian now." Later on, by a stroke of good luck, I was able to get a practically new *Life* containing some urgent correspondence on the fall of France.

We rolled into New York around eight o'clock and rolled out shortly thereafter, meanwhile speculating on how long it would be before we would be able to get off a train in New York and stay there. While crossing New Jersey, we were told that when George woke us, the next morning at five, we were to wear khaki ties with our uniforms instead of the black ones that had been customary at Upton. We took turns going into the ladies' washroom, where our bags had been piled up, and digging our ties out from beneath our soiled laundry. The porter began to make up berths, and by the time he was finished, a little after ten o'clock, most of the boys had already gone to bed. Nobody bothered to button up the flaps around his berth; even so, we were retiring in more privacy than we had enjoyed in almost two weeks.

WAKING up somewhere in Virginia, I sneezed once or twice, brushed the soot off myself, put on a khaki tie, and got ready for breakfast, which was brought up from the mess cars in large containers and ladled out in the aisle. Again we were given paper cups and plates. Shortly after we had finished eating, the lieutenant colonel came in and said we would all have to be clean-shaven upon our arrival at Croft that afternoon. We went back, two or three at a time, to the ladies' room and burrowed in our bags once more until we came up with the necessary equipment. One selectee, who had had the presence of mind to put a styptic pencil in his pocket, momentarily was the most popular soldier in the car. After our shaves, card games sprang up again. We left North Carolina and pushed into South Carolina. While we were waiting for lunch, the lieutenant colonel, his mouth full of food, rushed in, pointed through a window to some hills, and said that we were passing the scene of the battle of King's Mountain, a Revolutionary incident of sore embarrass-

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from our new fourth floor
Young-timers
collection -

Young-Timers † Fourth Floor

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK

Velveteen Dress—perfect
for bridesmaids. In dark, rich
"twilight colors"; also in black or emerald. $35

† A trademark of Henri Bendel

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ment to the British. "Cornwallis was up here," he said impressively, with the respect one high officer would naturally show when speaking of another. We all looked dutifully out of the windows, and the colonel walked off, chewing thoughtfully.

Lunch, also served at our seats, consisted of ham, potatoes, cabbage, corn, canned pineapple, and iced cocoa. Afterward, everybody sat quietly until we got to Spartanburg, South Carolina, five miles from Croft. At the Spartanburg station we chatted with some soldiers who had been granted furloughs and were on their way to New York. They told us we would find a lot of boys from home at the camp. We finally reached our destination, a large cantonment sprawled out over a series of red clay hills, just twenty-four and a half hours after we had left Upton, and we were greeted by a band playing "Roll Out the Barrel." It then switched gaily to "Tiger Rag" and, evidently as a special tribute to our group, to "The Sidewalks of New York." We jumped into a fleet of forty-eight Army trucks and were hauled off to our barracks, which, except for their red roofs, looked exactly like those we had vacated at Upton. We hadn't even taken off our shirts before some selectees who had arrived a couple of weeks earlier swarmed into the building, shouting, in accents that had unmistakably been nurtured in New York City, that they were from there, too, and that perhaps some of us hailed from their neighborhoods. "Anybody here from East 181st Street?" one boy cried, in as hopeful a tone of voice as that in which one American might greet another in Tibet. —Pvt. E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

EVENSONG

The delicate light dims
on treetops tall;
limply from tired limbs
long shadows fall.

Wind waves along the marsh grass
move like the dipping seas
and ever-following clouds pass
in a rose-marble frieze.

Like lambs, they flee the wolf night;
like fish that flee the shark,
they're crowding toward the sunset
and streaming from the dark.

Hurriedly the sky
prepares for peace,
shaking a mantle high
of golden fleece.

—Peggy Bacon

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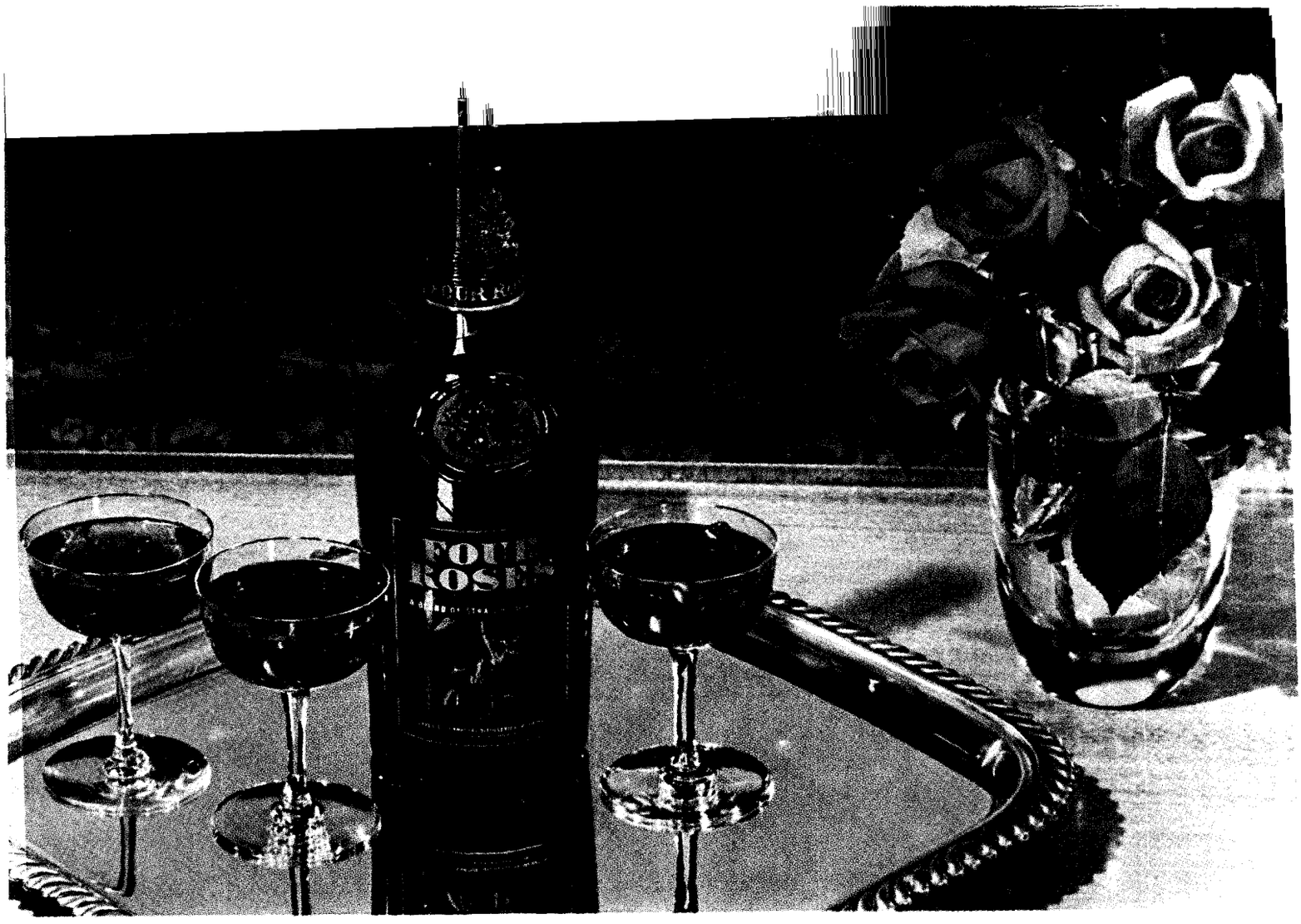


What happened to the fourth Manhattan?

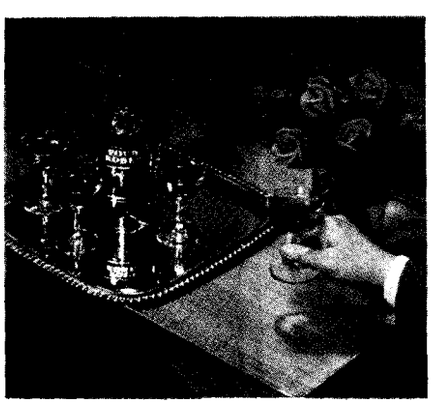
WE RECENTLY ASKED a famous photographer to take a picture that would really do justice to the magnificence of Manhattan Cocktails made with today's Four Roses Whiskey.

He brought us the photograph you see above. We were tremendously pleased with it. But, knowing that, in the past, his Four Roses photographs have usually shown *four* cocktails, we asked, "What happened to the fourth Manhattan?"

His answer amused us—and pleased us. So we asked him to re-enact just what did happen to it—for your benefit . . .

First, with infinite pains, he mixed the four Manhattans . . . using one-sixth *dry* Vermouth . . . one-sixth *sweet* Vermouth . . . a dash of Bitters . . . and for the remaining two-thirds, Four Roses. Stirring well with cracked ice, he poured the ruby-gold libation into the four glasses. So far, so good.

Next, he worked out his composition, giving the Manhattans and Four Roses bottle the patrician surroundings they deserve. For this Four Roses, he'd heard, was the finest whiskey we'd ever made or known in the past 76 years. And that, he knew, meant it was finer than any whiskey *anybody* ever made!



In fact, he confided, this Four Roses made such downright gorgeous-looking Manhattans, with such ambrosial aroma, that . . . well, *he drank that fourth Manhattan!* . . . We wish that *you*, too, would discover the satin-smooth perfection, the softly exquisite flavor, of today's Four Roses. Try it—won't you?

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

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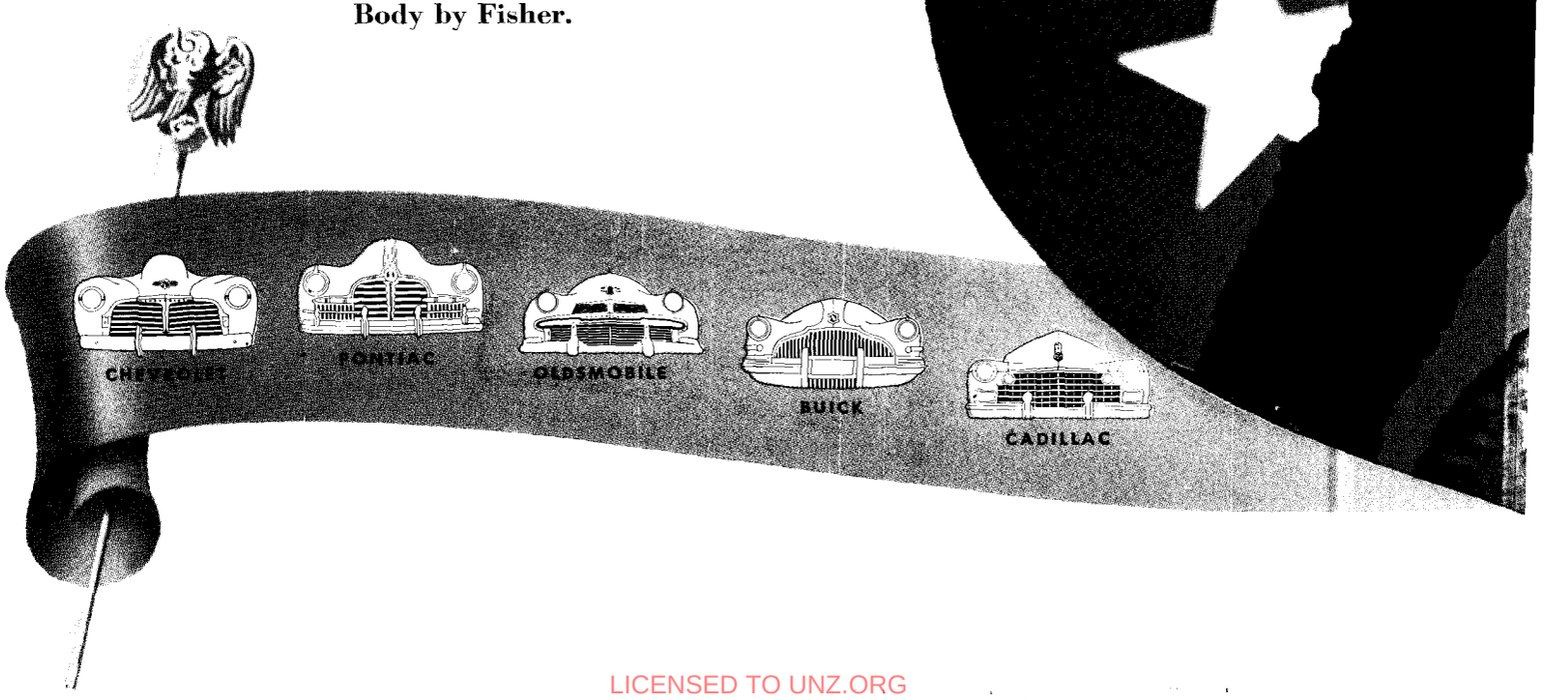
Right DRESS *for '42*

Style is one thing on which defense needs to claim no priorities. So beauty has made a new and sure advance in the 1942 Body by Fisher.

You'll discover, too, a full measure of spaciousness and comfort in its inviting interiors—extra staunchness and safety in its Unisteel construction—many welcome luxuries and conveniences among its appointments.

And one more thing you can always count upon in Body by Fisher is that durable character which goes with craftsmanship . . . So the cars to choose from in 1942 are General Motors cars—the only cars with Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.



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The "E" pennant for excellence—highest service award in the Navy—has been presented to Fisher Body for its ahead-of-schedule production of naval ordnance. Fisher is the first in the automotive industry to receive this coveted award.
E
PROUDLY, FISHER FLIES THE NAVAL ORDNANCE FLAG AND "E" PENNANT
UNISTEEL TURRET TOP
GM
GENERAL MOTORS
BODY BY Fisher

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taste tells! 1810

IT FOUNDED THE FAME OF PENNSYLVANIA RYE

In the early days of our republic, the hardy settlers of western Pennsylvania made their own whiskey. But one of these many pioneer whiskies was so outstanding in character and richness that men often rode through the wilderness from sunup to sundown to get a jug of it. That whiskey was the fine, full-bodied rye that Abraham Overholt distilled on the mist-shrouded banks of the Youghiogheny . . . . a whiskey so rare in flavor that it was destined to establish Pennsylvania rye as one of the world's choicest liquors. With the passing years, the fame of Old Overholt spread from tavern to tavern and from city to city as barrels of Old Overholt were freighted to the Atlantic seaboard by Conestoga wagons and shipped down the Ohio and the Mississippi on flatboats and stern-wheelers. Thus, as the country grew and prospered, so grew the prestige and popularity of this magnificent Pennsylvania rye until

THE PENNY POT TAVERN
was built in 1701, and here a little more than a century later, Old Overholt was proudly served just as it was in other historic Pennsylvania inns.

. . . . IT IS TODAY AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY

taste tells! 1941

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.

Copr. 1941, A. Overholt & Company, Inc., N. Y.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 1

CLOTHES-RATIONING has been going on in England since the first of last June and most people have now recovered from their early panic, in which it seemed to them that there were only a paltry sixty-six coupons between them and loincloths. In the scheme's test period, if the last four months may be considered that, all sorts of complications and weaknesses have been detected and some of them satisfactorily fixed. Minor rackets have budded and flowered in profusion. On the whole, however, the British seem to be executing one of those wonderful grumbling jobs, at which they excel, of making the best of things. Some people see their jobs disappearing, and are understandably bitter. Others don't expect the new measures to make much difference. Almost universally there has so far been an inability to realize that what happened on June 1st wasn't just a temporary nuisance but a revolution, an important upheaval in the clothing habits of a nation.

The Board of Trade, which is in charge of the rationing system, explains to anyone interested that the fundamental plan of apportioning clothes on a basis of sixty-six coupons a year for each individual was decided upon some time ago by a huddle of economic experts, working in closest secrecy. They geared their calculations to the needs of the average three-pounds-a-week wage-earner, who is said to refurbish his wardrobe at a rate which will leave him with one or two coupons still on hand at the end of the year. Obviously, the well-to-do, accustomed to spending much more on clothes, have had to adjust themselves drastically in order to get along on such a skimpy scale of buying. These people, however, are presumed to have well-stocked wardrobes, which their sixty-six coupons can supplement more or less adequately. The Board of Trade either has never heard or pretends to ignore the famous and impassioned prayer of the lady who cried, "Oh God, to be naked with a checkbook!" In the eyes of the Board, no Britons, with or without a checkbook, are naked except those who are unlucky enough to lose their clothes as the result of bombing, in which case they receive an additional grant of coupons; the Board assumes that everyone else possesses a nucleus of garments, to which a shirt can be grafted here and a pair of shoes there as the old things fall to tatters.

Even newly born infants are treated with an impartiality which seems to assume that they have brought their own reserve of diapers with them. On the whole, death is regarded more sympathetically than birth, since shrouds are an item on the list of coupon-exempt goods. By a recent amendment to the rules, however, expectant mothers may draw a double allowance of baby clothes if they can produce a certificate from a doctor or midwife that twins are to be expected. If the diagnosis turns out to have been overexuberant, the Board of Trade jovially writes the mistake off to good will. One of its officials, Mr. Nicholas Davenport, goes on the air now and then in a dialogue with a young lady announcer of the B.B.C., in which he makes a point of such admonitions as "Cut your cloth according to your coupons" and "Never coupon today what you can put off till tomorrow." The young lady always acts as a stooge who has done all the wrong things, frittering her precious coupons away on non-essentials like bathing suits and annoying overworked officials by leaving her old ration book at home when it comes time to apply for a new one. It is Mr. Davenport's rôle to show her, in a jolly, avuncular way, how naughty she has been.

There are those critics, many of them social workers, who claim that the humbly situated classes, whose needs shaped the scheme in the first place, are not really faring very well under it. It's argued that, rationing or no rationing, women who lead drab lives are inclined to buy with an eye for nothing more substantial than the gay, cheering color of some sleazy fabric. So far no effort seems to have been made to interest these shoppers in working out a coupon budget stressing purchases which will wear well, but even if such an idea were put over, it's doubtful whether a lot of women could afford the kind of clothes that give good service. In the past, for instance, East End mothers have been in the habit of sending their kids out on the street to play in sneakers, which were run threadbare in a fortnight but could be replaced without seriously cutting into the weekly pay check. Now that a pair of sneakers take up coupons (commonly Anglicized as "cowpons"), such easy hand-to-foot buying isn't practical. Another thing which disturbs critics of the system is the traffic in clothing coupons that goes on, mostly in the shelters, where someone can generally be found trying to sell a dozen or so at a price varying from about ten shillings to a pound. The Board of Trade is officially in ignorance of the practice, although it admits that such bootleg ration credits could be used in mail-order purchases, which, unlike shop transactions, can be paid for with coupons that have been detached from their legal owner's book. The sellers of these coupons are usually the very poor, who feel that a pound in the hand is worth more than a batch of coupons, which they haven't the money to use anyway.

The Board of Trade also professes to know nothing of the black market in silk stockings, which operates in a rather murky atmosphere. Bootleg hosiery of a quality legally retailing at about four shillings and sixpence a pair can be bought without coupons at around seven shillings and sixpence from seedy little men at bars in some parts of town. Plenty of other rackets, more or less legal, have evolved from the new order, too. During the first weeks of the scheme, when it was announced that exemption would be given to custom-made clothes ordered before rationing began, many persons were startled but gratified to receive a polite note from their tailor asking when they were going to come around and fit that tweed suit they had ordered quite a while back. Showing up at the shop in a slight daze, they were received with a courteous wink and shown the order book, in which everything was written down in black and white, plain as you like. The recent order that decorating fabrics above a certain weight shall be coupon-exempt has started women prowling through the stores, looking thoughtfully at damasks and heavy velours. Although these fabrics are supposed to be sold for household use only, clerks have learned to deal calmly with a customer's slightly flustered insistence that the chair in question has a thirty-four-inch bust and is to be slipcovered with long sleeves and a couple of godet pleats.

The luxury dress trade has had to think up all sorts of dodges to keep the workrooms stitching. Even the loftiest tailor or dressmaker now encourages clients to provide their own fabrics. Instead of eying tweed bought elsewhere with a sneer, designers positively solicit it in elegant circular letters, which also beg the honor of renovating one's old suit. A homely atmosphere, reassuring to nervous clients who used to have a way of tripping over the rug on entering, has permeated even the most impressive salons. Designers such as Norman Hartnell are acting on the new and revolu-

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A&F
THE GREATEST
SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

Music in the Air

The Whipper-in blows his whistle...hounds are called from cover...and it's hedge, timber, ditch right to the kill! First-flight riders know correct equipment counts... and that they can find it, in complete variety, at A&F.

New Riding and Saddlery Folder on request

HUNTING AND POLO SADDLES—Imported, unfitted . . . $75 to $115
WEYMOUTH BRIDLES . $15 to $27
SNAFFLE BRIDLES . . $15 to $20
Bridles include cavesson.
RIDING BREECHES—Made to measure in Fall-weight cavalry twill, $45

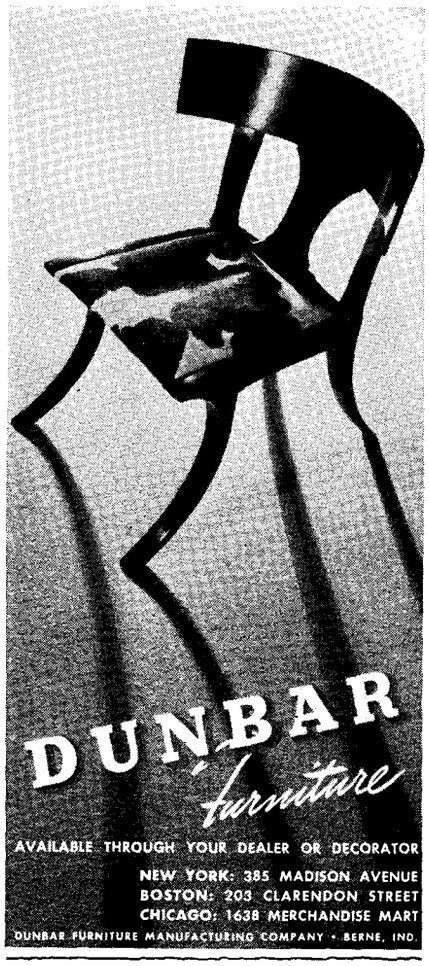
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.

MADISON AVENUE at 45th ST., NEW YORK

tionary principle that fifty million sequins can be wrong, and that, to attract coupons, clothes must be comfortable, practical, and show little prospect of dating. All the glamour numbers made these days are for export to the American market. At Mayfair dress shows, women grow dreamy only over models that will be good for five years of unflagging wear and then look well cut up into something for a growing daughter.

THOSE women who are concerned with fashions in dress are naturally in the minority. To the vast majority, to whom clothes are only coverings for the human frame, the worst headaches of rationing are probably occasioned by the needs of their husbands and their children. The various items of masculine attire eat up coupons at a frightening rate. A man dressed for the office in a city outfit, including a suit with a vest (twenty-six coupons) and a lined topcoat (eighteen coupons), represents an outlay of sixty-nine coupons, just three in excess of his year's ration. Growing children, too, are a difficult problem. Mothers have been forced to shell out their own coupons in order to send their young back to school looking respectable. Schools try to help by issuing appeals to parents to turn in school uniforms which are outgrown, so that they can be handed on to other pupils. The practise of passing on children's clothes to a friend with a younger child is also increasing, to the detriment of that section of society which used to benefit from charitable castoffs. Women who were accustomed to giving away their things to their servants now are not above asking for a few coupons in return—nine coupons, say, for an eighteen-coupon dress which any cook can recognize as a good bargain, since it's probably made of better stuff than she could ever afford.

From the point of view of women who dress on a modest budget and have jobs, stockings are by far the biggest difficulty of rationing. Shopgirls, for instance, who are on their feet constantly, go through more pairs than they can possibly squeeze out of their sixty-six coupons if they hope to buy much of anything else. With the first nip of autumn in the air, several government departments, having apparently deliberated over the idea all summer, finally got around to issuing the edict that employees could come to work stockingless, which may ease the coupon situation for the stenographers involved but is also likely to lead to a jump in the flu rate among them this winter. In an


DUNBAR
furniture
AVAILABLE THROUGH YOUR DEALER OR DECORATOR
NEW YORK: 385 MADISON AVENUE
BOSTON: 203 CLARENDON STREET
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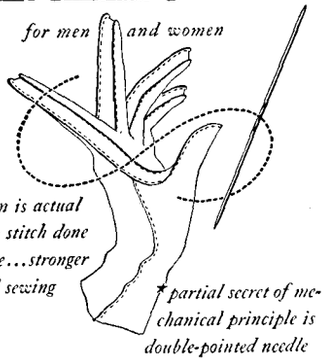
DUNBAR FURNITURE MANUFACTURING COMPANY • BERNE, IND.

FINE GLOVES

Hays-Tyseam* *gloves*
for men and women



hays tyseam is actual hand-sewn stitch done by machine...stronger than hand sewing

partial secret of mechanical principle is double-pointed needle

DANIEL HAYS
DANIEL HAYS
GLOVES SINCE 1854

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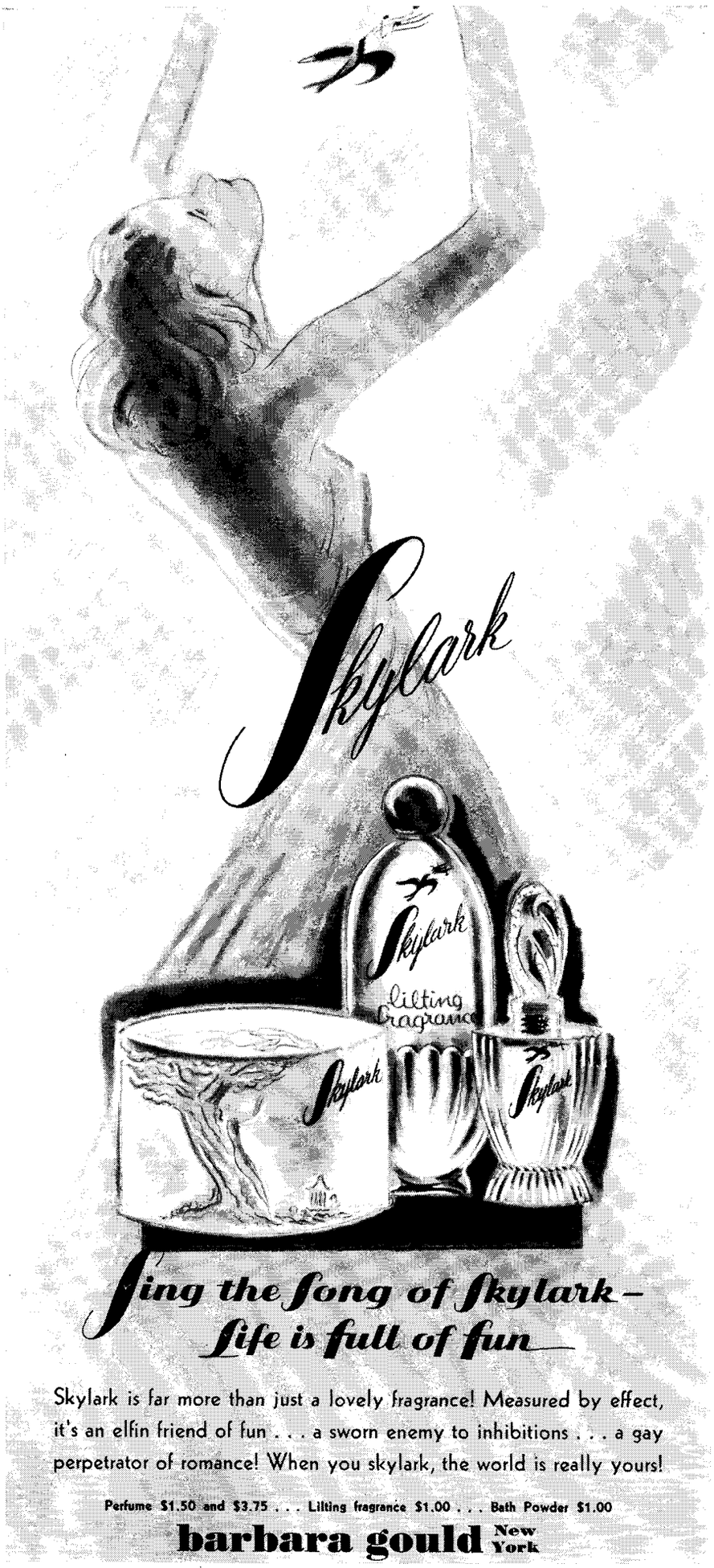
excellent survey of the first three months of rationing, issued by the Advertising Service Guild, the scarcity of stockings was found to have provoked the second most widespread feminine criticism of the scheme, with "unfair to children" first. It was noticeable that while "unfair to children" also headed the list of men's grumbles, the chivalrous males had put "hard on women" second, but "hard on men" was way down at the bottom of the women's list, below complaints about knitting wool, summer clothes, maternity clothes, and even collars. The survey also reported that although stockings, or the lack of them, loomed large in the feminine consciousness, only one per cent of the women who were questioned mentioned the possibility of giving them up altogether. Neither did the men speak of giving up such unnecessary oddments as collars and ties. If people think about the future at all, they seem to visualize themselves as growing shabbier in the same old pattern; they do not seem to realize that an upheaval has taken place in which all sorts of conventionally accepted items of clothing may have to go overboard.

IN some shops business is good, in others it's terrible. Tailors are mostly doing well, because customers consider that a good, classic tweed salted away now will be comforting in the lean days ahead, when honest woollen fabrics probably will have disappeared from the market. The Savile Row tailoring establishments received a great fillip from the visit of the Russian military mission, whose members behaved like the delegates in "Ninotchka," heading straight for double-breasted English suitings when they stepped off the plane. Dyeing-and-cleaning shops are also booming; it's a question of weeks, not days, before you get a garment back.

On the whole, most of the more expensive shops were surprised by the briskness of their trade after the rationing of clothes started. They had expected a lull during the first few days while the startled public sat at home and brooded over its coupons, but instead there was an immediate rush of shoppers, who were apparently going on the principle that they might as well buy the stuff while it was there to buy and before the government had time to think up any more restrictions. This artificial buoyancy didn't last long and the rate of purchasing soon fell off, though not too noticeably. Although the scheme hasn't been operating long enough for its full effects to be felt, it's obvious that the big


Skylark
Skylark
Lilting Fragrance
Skylark
Skylark
Sing the Song of Skylark—
Life is full of fun
Skylark is far more than just a lovely fragrance! Measured by effect, it's an elfin friend of fun . . . a sworn enemy to inhibitions . . . a gay perpetrator of romance! When you skylark, the world is really yours!
Perfume $1.50 and $3.75 . . . Lilting fragrance $1.00 . . . Bath Powder $1.00
barbara gould New York

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American Character Beauty

$1.00

Early American*

Old Spice Face Powder

Chin high, eyes sparkling, skin aglow—this is the new ideal of beauty, a beauty which reveals the inner courage and character of feminine America today. Shulton has interpreted this spirited loveliness in a new face powder, deftly blended to achieve an unmasked, natural look. Scented with your beloved Old Spice fragrance, in the quality you know so well.

A SHULTON ORIGINAL

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, Inc. • 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

stores are in a better position to stand the drought than the small shops are. If you take a walk down any London shopping street, you are likely to see shutters over the windows of dozens of modest businesses which struggled through the blitz but couldn't survive clothes-rationing.

Men's-wear shops, both large and small, are especially badly hit. This is said to be due somewhat to a sneaking feeling on the part of most men that the scheme is a heaven-sent excuse for becoming careless about clothes and just being comfortable in old tweeds, and somewhat to the men's habit of trusting the womenfolk with the spending of their coupons. Since relatives can pool their coupons, it is quite usual to see a matron in a shop juggling half a dozen clothes-rationing books—not only those of her husband and children but that of an aunt or a grandmother who has offered to help in a family whip-up of a trousseau for a daughter or a school outfit for a son. Sometimes a woman can't quite resist the temptation of so many coupons in her bag. The sports-clothes department in one of London's big stores was brought out of its stupor the other day by a lady who recklessly ordered play suits and beach paraphernalia (drugs on the market since rationing started) and paid in coupons out of books marked "John Smith," "Miss Mary Smith," "John Smith, Jr.," and so on. The tailoring department in the same store had to reason politely with another woman who brought along half a dozen of her husband's suits to be turned into suits for herself; she said that he was in the Army now and didn't need civilian clothes. It took a good deal of tact to persuade her that when peace comes the returning warrior might be quite reasonably upset by the sight of his empty closet and that clothes-rationing is not likely to end automatically with the cease-fire order.

However, most women seem to imagine that rationing *will* end then, and when they think of the lighter implications of peace, they think of the day when they will tear down the blackout curtains, turn on every switch in the house, and rush out and buy something unessential and pretty which won't use up eleven sixty-sixths of an annual clothing allotment.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

YOU CAN'T EAT THAT, Emmaus, Pa., has changed its name to HEALTH GUIDE, and is no longer interested in original true health experiences.—*Author & Journalist.*

You can bore an editor just so long.

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An interpretation of Puccini's "La Vie de Boheme," painted for the Capehart Collection by Bernard Lamotte. The gentle Mimi, dying, is brought to the attic studio of her artist lover, Rudolph; there, in music notable for pathos and delicacy, she tells him of her love.

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HALL-MARK OF HARMONIOUS LIVING

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An American Gentleman's Whiskey Since 1860

"First over the Bars"

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Baltimore Rye **BLENDED RYE WHISKEY**

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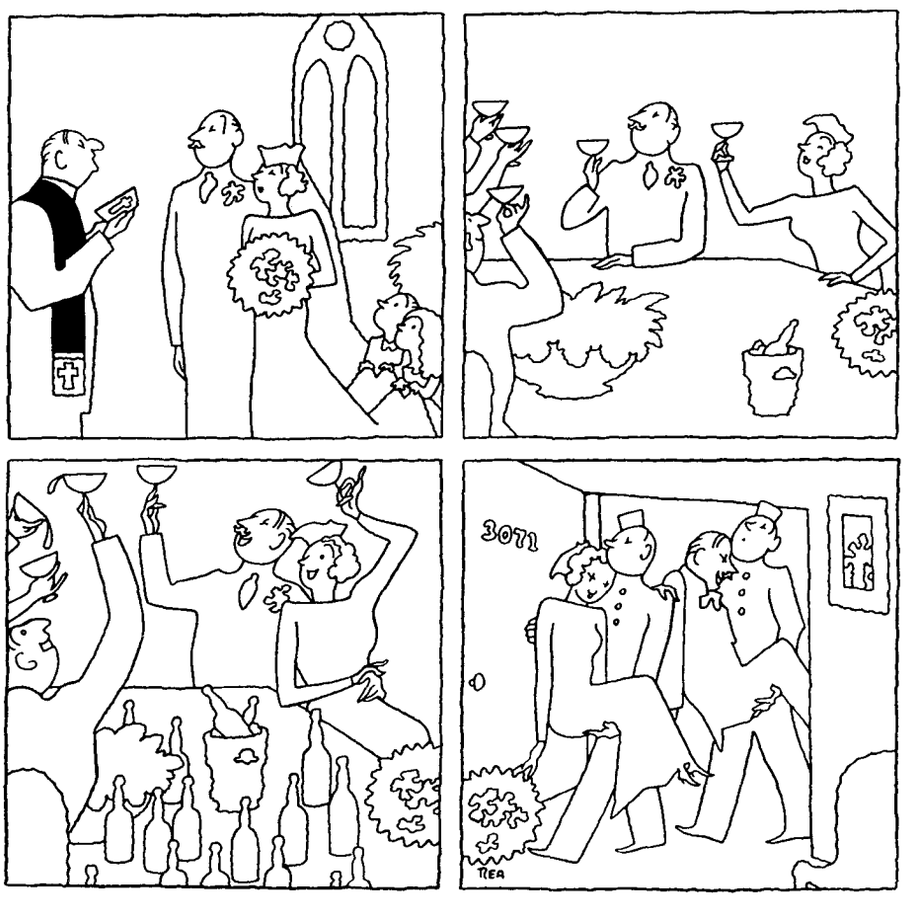
VIVA NOTHING!

I DON'T think that this report on last week's dramatic offerings need detain any of us very long. There were three of them—a farce called "All Men Are Alike," providing us with little more than the vision of Bobby Clark in long, woolly underwear; "Anne of England," another costume piece proving that the good queen was a very dull woman, even for a Stuart; and "Viva O'Brien," a musical comedy of majestic incompetence, although it featured a real swimming pool said to be nine feet deep.

Of these items, I suppose that "Anne of England," now extinct, is most deserving of our serious attention, since it not only involved a certain amount of scholarly research on the part of its authors but also appeared to be written in something resembling the English language. The trouble, however, seemed to be that not even the most elaborate attempts to trace a parallel between the political condition of Europe in 1706 and 1938 could disguise the fact that nothing much was taking place on the stage of the St. James except a series of remarkably stilted conversations among people of very negligible charm.

The contest between the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Masham for the favors of the tipsy queen had its persuasive moments, but this, I'm afraid, was largely because these three ladies were represented by such generously gifted actresses as Flora Robson, Barbara Everest, and Jessica Tandy. Actually, nothing was either said or done that rose much above the level of a squabble among the female inmates of a summer boarding house.

The gentlemen of the cast, including Frederic Worlock, Leo G. Carroll, and Reginald Mason, appeared somewhat at a disadvantage, perhaps because of the secondary nature of their parts but more probably because of the peculiar fashions of the period, since an actor who can sit on his hair has a jocular look to modern eyes, especially from the stern.



On the whole, I suspect that in spite of all the fuss with France, Anne's reign possessed about the same dramatic qualities as the administration of Mr. Rutherford Birchard Hayes and that for his next historical production Gilbert Miller might be well advised to dig up a brighter, livelier girl, not necessarily even a queen.

IN addition to Bobby Clark and his underwear, "All Men Are Alike" contains a comic British major; a demoniac child, also theoretically comic; a sinister Scotch deserter; a beautiful Russian adventuress; a set with more doors than you ever saw in your life; and roughly nine and a half yards of plot. The level of humorous invention which has gone into this drama may be judged by the fact that Mr. Clark (Wilmer Popday) and Reginald Denny (Alfred Bandle) represent the American and British partners in a firm engaged in making marmalade out of seaweed. While I share everybody's admiration for Mr. Clark's strange, fierce, gliding talent, I am obliged to say that he was not enough, and the performance at the Hudson struck me as a laborious nuisance. The rest of the cast, if you are still awake, includes Cora Witherspoon, Lillian Bond, and A. P. Kaye.

AS you have doubtless read, "Viva O'Brien," at the Majestic, is notable not only for its genuine swimming pool but also for a waterfall constructed from twenty-five hundred (or it may be twenty-five thousand) pounds of granulated sugar. If you aren't content with these miracles, there are approximately a dozen fancy and unquestionably expensive sets, ranging in locale from Miami Beach to Yucatán and Xochimilco. It is one of the small wonders of our time that, having provided all this magnificence as well as the costumes and the girls to go with it, the management has been unable to furnish any member of the cast with a joke more recent than the snatching of Charlie Ross.

So many people were mixed up in this Gargantuan foolishness that I am not even going to try to report their names. I doubt, however, if this oversight will matter much, or very long.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Walter Merrill has been transferred by the Procter & Gamble Mfg. Co. from Staten Island to Box 469, Quincy, Mass. —*Harvard Business School Alumni Bulletin.*

You mean little Walter Merrill?

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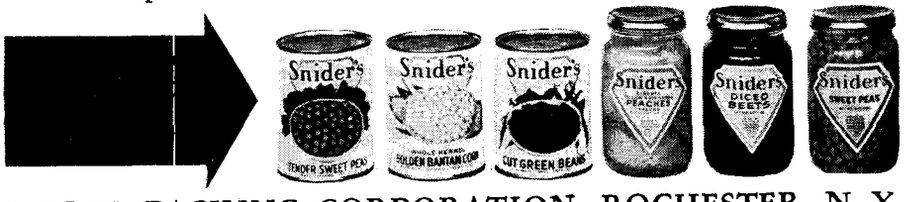

SNIDER PACKING CORPORATION, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

OF ALL THINGS

THE President asks Congress to cut out of the neutrality law the section prohibiting the arming of merchant ships. It is suspected that he would not be heartbroken if the operation proved fatal.

•

The A. F. of L. declares that we must aid Russia but not befriend her. Uncle Sam should say to Stalin, "I can give you everything but love, baby."

•

It is said that the SPAB ban on new construction will increase the market value of every existing building. Now we can all get rich by selling our homes to each other.

•

The arsenal of democracy is a little slow in getting going but it will be running at top speed in 1942. As they say in Brooklyn, "Wait till next year."

•

The America First Committee should have paid its disrespects to Christopher Columbus this week. After all, he is the man who spoiled our lovely isolation.

•

The aluminum trial, which had been running since 1938, ended in a defeat for the government. The Department of Justice, however, will appeal to the Supreme Court and try to preserve this cherished American institution.

•

It is generally agreed that the light registration in New York is bad news for LaGuardia. Too many people seem to think that the fiery Fiorello can get elected by spontaneous combustion.

•

Four people have returned safely after having been lost in the woods for many days. As the statisticians tell us, the really dangerous places are the highway and the home.

•

Half a ton of valuable junk has been discovered in the cellar of the White House. This might happen to anybody who has lived in the same place for a long, long time.

•

There are some indications that the war will move to the Mediterranean for the winter. No invitation, however, has been received from Italy.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THIS IS A FUNNY TIME

THERE are places which respond sharply to seasons and times, and I believe the Battery, at the tip end of the island, has this quality in higher degree than any other place in town. In winter it's the coldest and bleakest place in New York, in summer it is as hot and bright and alive as a white sand beach, in spring it suddenly becomes green and its air makes you yawn and stretch, and in the fall its color and life fade. I go down there sometimes, and a couple of Saturdays ago I spent the afternoon there, finding that the region has responded again to the season and the times, now with a nervous kind of gaiety, as though it were a sort of jumping-off place to war.

I went along a walk past the big, dingy Barge Office building, where some Coast Guardsmen were standing in a doorway beside a pile of canvas bags. It was a clear, moderately warm fall day, and on the other side of the walk men lay stretched out on the grass or sat reading newspapers. I continued to the wide cement walk which runs along the harbor's edge, went over and leaned against a railing near the water, lit a cigarette, tossed the match into the water a few feet below, and stared at the sea gulls and tugs in the upper bay. After a while I turned to watch the hundreds of people walking this way and that. Most of them looked dressed up and had that intent look of folk who are searching for points of interest. Few of them appeared willing to stop any place for long; they seemed merely to want to keep their little groups intact and to get *some* place. Barkers in imitation military caps were trying to drum up trade for several excursion boats tied up near the railings along the edge of Battery Park. A Rye Beach boat came in and, as it got close to land, a swing band aboard started to play. An Around Manhattan boat, its upper and lower decks crammed with people sitting on folding chairs, pulled away from its pier. A fragment of the spiel of the boat's guide floated back as the vessel went by me: ". . . and prior to that, this island was owned and occupied by Indians."

An elderly man came up to the railing near me and stared out into the water. He said, "Beautiful, beautiful," and I turned and had another look at the harbor. A battleship was heading out of the East River and down the bay. The old man asked if I could make out the flag on the ship, and I said it was American. The big vessel moved silently and fast and, there in the sun, she didn't have an ugly line on her. Sailors were massed on deck; three airplanes were cocked on catapults amid the complicated superstructure, and layers of guns were pointing fore and aft. "You can tell that's not an English ship," the elderly man remarked. "See that snub, round stern. She has modern lines. The British keep to old lines. Even in the Queen Mary they had the old lines. That French boat, the Normandie, had new lines, modern." The ship slipped on down the bay. She swerved a little in the channel until she was going directly away from us. All we could see was the high, top-heavy control tower and the ship's end-on silhouette. "Look at the beam on her," said the old man reverently. "She's big, big. And look how tall she is. It's a wonder she doesn't fall over. Isn't she big and beautiful, going out on flood tide?" He walked away. His trousers, I noticed, didn't quite come down over the tops of his black, old-fashioned high shoes.

I turned back to watch the crowds and found that few persons were stopping to look at the battleship. Most of the people seemed anxious lest they miss the next boat to Coney Island, or to the Statue of Liberty, or wherever it was they were going. Near me, a jovial-looking fellow stood by his candy, ice-cream, and soda stand and spoke to barkers, policemen, and park attendants as they walked by him. Two men in dark naval uniforms were approaching briskly in a line which would take them by the jovial man's stand. He called to a park attendant and, nodding his head in the direction of the naval men, asked, "They British?" The park man said they were, and when the two men, small and with gold officers' stripes on their sleeves, came past the stand, the jovial fellow yelled "Hey, bud! Thumbs up!" and stuck out his right hand, thumb up. The officers grinned rather cockily, kept on walking, and flicked their right thumbs up in a waist-high, tough-guy gesture. The jovial man watched them as they continued along the walk.

The Statue of Liberty boats were get-

"Couldn't we go inside and sit down? I have a rather long sales talk."

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ting the heaviest play of all the steamers. A stocky woman with two blond children asked me when the next Liberty boat left, and I asked one of the barkers. Then I talked a while with him. He called himself a "passenger solicitor" and said he had been working on the Battery for thirty-five years, barking for one boat or another. "We got more business on the Statue of Liberty boats now than in all the time I've been here," he said. "We got more business than all the other boats down here. Most of these people we're getting now is school children on Saturdays and Sundays, who have been taught this patriotism a lot lately, or out-of-towners who want to see things, or a bunch of these foreigners who want the government to know they love this country. This is a funny time. We didn't get any more business during the World War than we did at any other time, but now we're getting more business than we ever did—couple of thousand people a day. This is a different kind of war. Now we got a lot of this isms business around, like Fascism and Communism, which we didn't have in the last war. Everybody is scared of everybody else now, even the people who live next to them, so people ride the Statue of Liberty boat so other people should know, like the government should know, they really love this country."

I WALKED into the grassy part of Battery Park and sat on a bench along a sidewalk. Carmillo, a bearlike shoeshine man whom I have seen nearly every time I have been to the Battery, came down the walk and I had him shine my shoes. He was wearing a black beret and a ragged sports shirt and his skin was black from the sun. He put down his shoeshine box, then a pillow to kneel on, grunted, and began his work. He started to sing, to a slow rhythm he beat out carefully with his polishing rag. His baritone was soft, plaintive, and not very loud, and I couldn't quite make out what the tune was, so I asked him about it. "From 'Lucia,' " he said. "I sing when I'm happy. 'Lucia,' maybe 'La Traviata.' Lotsa time now I no sing. I don't like shining shoes. I'm an olda man, sixty-eight year old, and all the time shina shoes. I don't like anything ver' much, no more." He didn't start to sing again but went on talking. He warned me against liquor, tobacco, women, and the times we live in. "Everything crazy now," he said. "Everybody kill everybody. Look—younga boys, just younga boys." He turned and stared at two youths in khaki uniforms who strolled by us.

I sat a while longer in the park and then walked over to Whitehall Street, which fans out to a width of seventy-five yards along the east side of the Battery. It is a social centre, a street of restaurants, bars, clothing stores, and pawnshops. I slupped up a half-dozen clams at Mrs. William Mayne's stand (eating utensils are not provided), which is smack in the middle of the street, and then went into the bar of the Coastal Cafeteria for a beer. The Coastal is a clean, highly chromiumed, and well-lighted place and has a clientele of soldiers, sailors, Coast Guardsmen, immigration inspectors, seamen, and ordinary citizens. Most of the customers stand because there are only three blue-and-red leather booths at one side of the room and six stools at the bar. When I walked in, a little leathery-faced seaman was shouting at a lanky, weaving Norwegian, "My name is Monaghan, and I'm an Arabi! I am from Libya, Algeria, Morocco, Rio de Oro, and all over them deserts. For thirty years I rode the sands with all them sheiks and I know them deserts like the palm of my hand." I took a place next to Monaghan at the bar. The Norwegian, who was probably the only man in New York at that moment drinking gin with *two* beers for a chaser, didn't seem to understand Monaghan very well. "From Norway," he muttered in quite understandable English when he got a chance. "Never go home. Can never go home." He pulled out a wallet and showed us a picture of a girl, and for a moment I was afraid he was going to weep. "My girl. Norway. I never go home until sonofabitch German get out. Sonofabitch German."

Monaghan and the Norwegian were both throwing money around. Monaghan told me they had just been paid off, the Norwegian after a South African trip and himself by a ship carrying wood pulp down from Canada. "These is good times for seamen," he said. "A good man like me can get a berth quick. I could ship out tomorrow if I wanted to." He repeated his story about being Arabian and to substantiate it took a couple of obscene dolls from his pocket and said he had bought them in Al-

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geria. In time, however, he showed me his able-bodied-seaman ticket, and it revealed he had been born in Detroit. "Aw," he said disgustedly when I pointed that out, "should I tell these guys I ship with that I learned sailing on the goddam duckpond—the Great Lakes?" A thin, smirking fellow walked up to us. Monaghan regarded him a moment, then growled, "Get on, you bum. You're nothing but a bum, a lousy Communist bum. What do you want now, you bum? You think I'm going to buy you a drink, you bum?" The man smiled, and Monaghan bought him a drink.

"Where you been?" Monaghan asked the fellow. The man sipped at the beer the bartender had placed before him, smiled again, waved his right hand in a vague gesture, and said, "All over. Now I live in Staten Island."

"What became of your wife?" asked Monaghan.

"I don't know," the man replied. "Last time I see her is in London, three or four years ago."

Monaghan turned to me. "Look at the bum," he said. "Look at the lousy Communist bum. For ten years I ain't seen him, and now he hits me for a drink. Last time I seen him is ten years ago in London. Him and me are on the same ship, and he's got a wife, he claims, in London, and so he skips ship. I sneak his clothes off to shore for him. Now he lives in Staten Island. Ah, the bum."

THE Norwegian by this time was swaying badly. He ordered two gins and four beers, paid for them, downed one gin, and made a grab at Jerry, the Coastal's waitress, as she walked by on her way to one of the booths. Jerry fenced him off skillfully, and the follow-through of his lunge carried him into a booth, where he sat down and instantly fell asleep. Jerry set his four beers and his gin on the table in front of him. Soon after, Monaghan drifted away with his friend the bum, and a porter aroused the Norwegian, got him out the door, and started him down Whitehall toward South Street. A couple of young Coast Guardsmen came into the bar and stood next to me. It was getting near dinner time and the bar was becoming crowded. The customers were mostly soldiers and Coast Guardsmen. The soldiers kept to themselves, and so did the Coast Guardsmen. Each group would, however, talk to civilians. In these exchanges a certain courtesy prevailed and a little rite which is becoming

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These are typical examples of Maiden Form's exquisite brassieres, girdles and "One-Over"
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quite common in such spots, now that there is so much talk about spies, took place. If a civilian's chat with a serviceman went on to any length, the civilian would show the serviceman some form of identification. Uniformed men are willing enough to talk freely, but it seems to make civilians feel better if they identify themselves.

I got into a conversation with the young Coast Guardsman next to me. He said he was from Wisconsin and hoped to stay in the service for twenty years, retire with a pension, and become a guide with a cabin on the Brule River in Wisconsin. "That's the life," he said. "Fish and hunt all the time." He had only one complaint about New York—the girls. "You can only get kids around the Battery here," he remarked. "It's jail bait. Conditions are a lot like Central Park, but I think Central Park is better."

I left the bar and went to have a talk with my old friend Mr. Brown, a dapper man who owns the Coastal Cafeteria. "Things is different down here these days," Mr. Brown said. He was eating dinner at a table in the back of his establishment. "They moved the Sixteenth Infantry off Governors Island and sent them to Camp Devens, and the class of some of these Army guys we are getting now is something awful. The First Army boys are O.K. and those Coast Guard boys are a high type—like college boys, you know. But they got a bunch of boys now over on the island to make M.P.'s out of. They are dopes, let me tell you. Farmer dopes. They come in here, and most of them are from the South and they don't know our customs here up North. They think you sock a cop, you got rid of him like he's a town constable or something. They don't know you belt a cop in this town, you got to fight eighteen thousand cops. Cops come in droves. Two or three months ago some of them try to fight a cop. Dear me. It was awful. Awful, I tell you. What them cops did to those boys! Dear me. The farmer boys is quiet now."

IT was dark when I went out into the street. The bright windows of the bars and restaurants and the sound of juke boxes gave the street a honkey-tonk cheerfulness. I stood a while at the corner of Whitehall and South. Across Whitehall buses were letting people out at South Ferry and the people were walking quickly toward the entrance to the Staten Island boats. On the other side of South Street men were going up an outside stairway to the Municipal Lodging House on the second floor of a ferry building. A wide balcony runs across the second story. Men were standing talking to one another on the balcony, other men were going in and out of doors, and the place, from a distance, looked something like an old summer-resort hotel.

Whitehall Street was cluttered with sailors and soldiers. M.P.'s walked in pairs up and down the street. Their uniforms were neater than those of other soldiers. Lanyards ran from their necks to the handles of pistols in holsters at their belts. They wore blue-and-white brassards on their arms and carried heavy night sticks. They were big men and looked tough and efficient. As I strolled up the street a wobbling young man in a khaki uniform nearly bumped into me. He rolled into a place called the Whitehall Bar, and I saw two M.P.'s turn and follow him. I followed them. One of the M.P.'s called to the bartender, "No drinks for him." Then both went up to the weaving young man. "How you doing, soldier?" asked one of them. The drunken youth muttered something unintelligible. "Come on," said the M.P., "you better get back to camp." The M.P.'s were gentle but firm. Each holding one of the young soldier's arms, they took him out of the bar and had started with him down Whitehall Street toward the Governors Island ferry when a young soldier left a crowd of soldiers at the curb and approached them. "I know this kid," he said. "He's all right. He's in my outfit." "O.K., soldier," said one of the M.P.'s, and they turned the drunk over to his friend, who took him by the arm and walked him down Whitehall. The drunk went on muttering, and the other soldier kept saying, "Come on, kid. It's all right. Come on. You're all right."

I followed the two young soldiers to the corner of South and watched them cross the street, the sober one holding his friend by an elbow. I stopped to light a cigarette and noticed a thin, perky man of about fifty peering through a grill covering the window of the Battery Pawnbrokers' establishment. He looked through the grill a while, then walked to the entrance to the shop and pulled meditatively at the grill covering it. Then he turned and saw me watching him. "What a bloody place!" he said in an accent I took to be Welsh. "Second engineer on a freighter that was torpedoed a hundred and thirty miles off the coast of Ireland. Then to South Africa, Singapore, and China, and after eighteen months I get to New York, and this bloody pawn-

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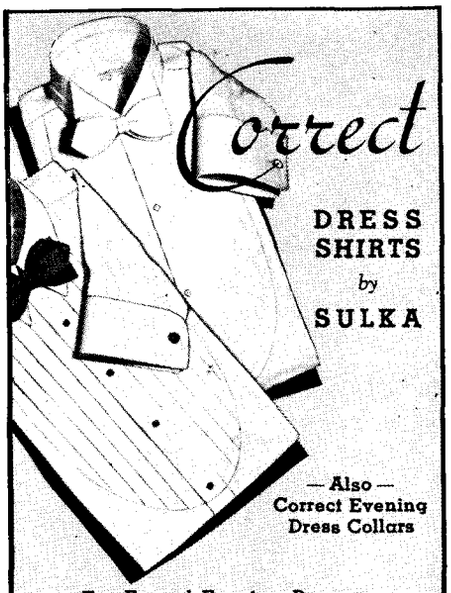

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Faille Taffeta for Gala Evenings. Dropped shoulders and moulded bodice accented with mink. Colors: American Beauty — Heaven Blue, Antique Gold, Hothouse Rose.

Sizes 12-40

$120.

shop is closed!" He spoke with complete, exasperated bitterness. "I pledged a fine Swiss watch here a bloody eighteen months ago. I write them to hold it for me, and I come over here from Brooklyn my first time in port, and they're locked up. Now I'll probably go out and get bloody drunk and never fetch my watch before it's time to sail." He walked a few steps, stopped, and asked, "And how do you get to Times Square, Johnny?"

I CROSSED the street to Battery Park and took another look around. Lights were shining through the trees; here and there a soldier or a sailor sat with a girl on a bench. On other benches shabby old men sat looking around or dozing. A Keansburg boat was about to leave on a moonlight excursion; an orchestra aboard was playing "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire." Along a walk near the entrance to an I.R.T. station, soldiers who had come off the Governors Island ferry were meeting their girls at the top of the stairs. The men looked healthy and clean and the girls looked young and fresh. I was caught up by the sudden, sweet, vague sensation of having watched these meetings before, but it wasn't until I got home that I recalled how it used to look some nights in front of the girls' dormitory at the Midwestern college I went to. —MARK MURPHY

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Taft, who has oopsed administration foreign policies, told reporters that "foreign policy is not usually considered a matter of partisanship."—*Columbia (S.C.) State.*

And may be oopsed by Republican and Democrat alike.

•

The former Nina Gore, daughter of former Senator Thomas P. Gore, of Oklahoma, and former wife of Eugene L. Vidal, former director of the Bureau of Air Commerce of the Department of Commerce . . . —*Washington Post.*

Hold on; isn't Oklahoma the former Indian Territory?

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the World-Telegram*]

WELDON SPRING, MO.—There was no whistle blowing . . . no pressing a button . . . not even any speech making.

Without any of the customary fanfare Uncle Sam's newest hurry-up munitions mill, the $35,000,000 Weldon Spring Ordnance Works, started production today of TNT.

It resembles brown sugar.

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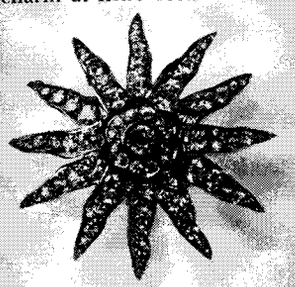

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ICE-COLD 'IGHBALLS

EVERYBODY I met on my arrival in Mexico City asked politely whether the high altitude affected me, and, when I assured them it didn't, warned me that, even so, it was very dangerous. "If you ever feel a cold coming on," they said, "it's fatal to stay in this altitude and run the risk of pneumonia. Go right down to Cuernavaca and you'll be cured in a day." Their description of Cuernavaca sounded like a direct challenge to the California Chamber of Commerce: eternal sunshine, balmy but bracing air, only five thousand feet above sea level—the ideal resort town.

After a week of this talk I woke up one morning sneezing, and by noon I was on my way to Cuernavaca, about forty miles from Mexico City by bus. By the time I arrived at the hotel there, I had what felt like a thriving case of grippe. All that afternoon I sat in the eternal sunshine beside the hotel swimming pool, aching, shivering with chills, and waiting for the miraculous healing powers of Cuernavaca's low altitude to assert themselves. A hacking cough which kept me awake all night did nothing to bolster my waning faith in the climate. The next morning, sniffling miserably, I phoned the hotel's desk clerk, who spoke a little English, and asked him to recommend a doctor.

"*Médico* who speaks *inglés*," I requested doggedly. After ten minutes of parrying his English with words looked up hurriedly in my Spanish dictionary, I gathered that he would rush a jewel of a doctor to my bedside. True, it would be a Mexican doctor who spoke no English, but the Señorita Dolson must not concern herself. With the doctor would come an interpreter, a hotel maid who spoke perfect English, having worked in Texas for two years. At least, that's what I thought the clerk said, although I had plenty of time to wonder in the hours I waited before anyone turned up.

Finally there was a knock at my door and a dark, stocky little man with a toothy smile and a little black bag came in, followed by a bouncing, big-eyed Mexican girl in a blue apron. They seemed in high spirits, particularly the maid, who acted as if this were the jolliest lark she'd been mixed up in since the Easter *fiesta*. Giggling politely, the doctor put his bag down on the table and bowed. I went into a spasm of coughing while they chatted together pleasantly in Spanish. When I stopped, they both looked at me expectantly.

"Please tell the doctor I think I have a fever," I said to the maid. "And I'd like something to stop my cough." I mentioned several of my major symptoms while my buxom interpreter listened intently. In the midst of my description of the pains in my chest, she burst into explosive Spanish. The doctor sat on the edge of his chair, nodding eagerly, while she worked herself up to a frenzied pitch. After several minutes of this, during which the maid kept gesturing violently toward her left knee and her head, and bending her body into spectacular contortions, I began to wonder uneasily if she wasn't getting my symptoms confused with somebody else's. What she seemed to be describing was the case of a slightly simple-minded person who had fallen out of an apple tree and dislocated his knee.

"It's only a chest cold," I said nervously.

They ignored me completely and held an impassioned conversation about what to do for the patient with the dislocated knee. Suddenly the maid made a dramatic gesture, as if to stab herself. The doctor countered with an even more violent gesture toward his own chest, and I gathered from the pantomime that they must by now be mixed up in a café brawl, with a stabbing and possibly even the police involved. Alarmed, I turned to the section of my Spanish dictionary called "Useful Phrases for the Traveller" and tried to find something suitable for this emergency. I discarded both "I want some mourning stationery" and "Put a bottle of wine in ice for me" as being too extreme. Nor could I see that asking "Is your father well?" would get me anywhere. The phrase "I want the latest guidebook to Berlin, with gilt edges" seemed to have a certain surprise element which might conceivably command their undivided attention, but I wasn't sure I could explain the remark satisfactorily. Just as I'd decided on the somewhat querulous phrase "The clasp of my bangle is loose," the doctor leaped up and stuck a thermometer into my mouth. Then he and the maid settled back for another five minutes of happy chatter. Finally he remembered me, drew out the thermometer, and read it with small, gratified grunts. My interpreter peeked over his shoulder and immediately threw up her hands in pleasurable horror.

"Do I have a bad fever?" I asked, rather pleased to have captured their interest. With sparkling eyes, the maid nodded and mentioned something about centigrades. When I asked her to tell me in English, the doctor interrupted with a fiery speech accompanied by florid gestures with the thermometer.

"He says I must not alarm the *señorita*," she said. "He inquires is he permitted to explore."

I looked at the doctor dubiously. Giggling, he came over to the bed, dangling a stethoscope, which he placed gingerly on my chest. After listening in a frowning silence, he straightened up and fired a blast of Spanish at the maid.

"He inquires why the *señorita* is so skinny," she explained, grinning maliciously. I glared at the doctor, who smiled and bowed.

"Tell him I've always been this thin," I said. "Tell him I'm very healthy and all I want is something to cure my cold."

She relayed this to the doctor, who shrugged and made another long speech. "He inquires from where in the United States you come." I said I lived in New York. As soon as she'd repeated this in Spanish, the doctor scowled and delivered the longest monologue yet. Then he sat down and watched me sombrely while the maid translated with relish. "He says people in New York run all day, all night, never sleep. A crazy life with always the night clubs. He says it is not a wonder you are skinny and sick."

I was about to deny this accusation indignantly when the doctor looked straight at me and said in an accusing tone, "Ice-cold 'ighballs!" I was so startled that I went into a violent fit of coughing. When I'd recovered enough to talk I told the maid crossly to explain that I led a very quiet life in New York, that I drank very little, and practically never went to night clubs. She shrugged and rolled her eyes, indicating that she refused to be a party to any such whitewashing of my sins. Desperately I thumbed through "Useful Phrases" in my dictionary again, looking for something that would explain my innocence to the doctor. The phrase "I am ten years older than my sister" seemed rather good, imply-

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ing that I myself had reached the age of discretion while my sister, a flighty little piece with red hair, still went around guzzling ice-cold highballs in night clubs. I also toyed with the phrase "Which is the most respectable music hall in town?" as giving a clear indication of how I stood on the subject of loose living, but decided it might only enrage the doctor, since obviously I was in no condition to attend a music hall, respectable or otherwise. Noticing that he was busily writing something on a small pad, I abandoned the dictionary and waited hopefully to see if he was writing me out a prescription. He gave the slip of paper to the maid, with what sounded like a speech inciting the workers to overthrow Capitalism. She nodded delightedly, then advanced toward the bed, waving the paper.

"He says this is a most strong medicine that will upset the digestion," she said gaily. "It will make better the cough. He says do not take of cold showers or the pneumonia will arrive, and you are so skinny—" Here she broke off and snapped her fingers in an ominously expressive gesture.

In a weak voice I asked how much I owed the doctor. After I'd paid him, he picked up his little bag, bowed very low, and delivered a farewell address in Spanish. The maid gave me an impish look. "He says soon will come the rainy season. He says you must eat always many eggs and no 'ighballs."

THEY went out together then, taking along the prescription for the medicine that would upset my digestion, and I could hear their gay, excited voices going down the corridor. For some time I lay staring thoughtfully at the mosquitoes on the ceiling. Then I seized the phone and asked the desk clerk to hire a car that would take me to Mexico City. If the high altitude there *was* fatal to colds, I thought happily, at least I'd have escaped the curative powers of Cuernavaca. As I crawled into my clothes I began planning the speeches I would make to my friends in Mexico City about their ideal resort town. They were of the sort which obviously could be delivered only by someone in vigorous health. And by the time I was dressed and packed I knew that I should live to make them.

—HILDEGARDE DOLSON

•

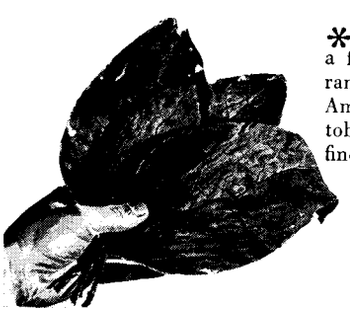
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

Lew Jenkins has added a Pompton Lakes, N.J., house to his Miami place.

Pup gets cup! He's "top dog" since something new has been added! And say! Something new has been added to a famous cigarette, too! Gives you a great new flavor!

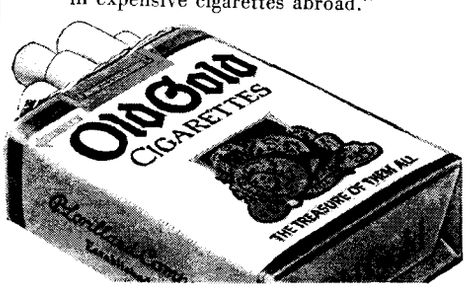
Something NEW has been added!



***It's LATAKIA** (pronounced "La-ta-kee'-a"), a flavorful tobacco from the Eastern Mediterranean. Old Gold has a plentiful supply stored in America. Carefully blended with other famous tobaccos, Latakia creates an entirely new—even finer Old Gold flavor.

Chosen by those Who Know. Mrs. Haley Fiske, New York, tells us: "That added Latakia gives Old Golds the flavor I've enjoyed so much in expensive cigarettes abroad."

A New Experience. "I've heard of what Latakia does in expensive blends...New Old Gold is the first real change in cigarettes in years!" Jack Coble, architect, Greensboro, N. C.



Same familiar pack—but NEW Old Golds! P. Lorillard Company, founded 1760, blenders of fine tobacco since George Washington's day

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TABLES FOR TWO

Accent on Accents

THERE are few visible changes in F. Ferry's Monte Carlo, which has reopened for the "R" months. Sensibly enough, the management seems to have figured on playing along with the same old splendor, on the chance that it can still lick any new splendor the opposition can come up with. The change I was most conscious of during a recent evening there was an audible one. More than ever, the clients have taken to speaking in foreign tongues, mainly French. Of course, French is what a lot of them are, but the proportion has apparently got so high that the American element has begun to use the language too, probably so as not to feel like tourists. There is also a sprinkling of other Latin races, all neighborly enough to warm the heart of Nelson Rockefeller if he should ever look in. The whole situation gives everybody a chance to broaden culturally and may induce young ladies who haven't spoken to each other for years to make up just so they can criticize each other's accents.

As for the entertainment, it is mostly magic, since the prestidigitating Russell Swann is the feature attraction and master of ceremonies. There never was a magician who couldn't fool me, so I can't judge Mr. Swann on any other basis than his reputation, which is good. He does some startling things with pieces of rope and one or more rabbits, talking all the while in that fast and furious way which magicians use to distract their audiences and which ought to distract themselves but doesn't. Estelle and LeRoy are Monte Carlo's dance team, and Ted Straeter is, as usual, its orchestra leader.

The Beach, an informal annex which Mr. Ferry operates next door, is a good retreat for the over-jostled, since the dance floor in there is less crowded and the tables are sometimes as far apart as three feet.

ANOTHER opening, not so recent, was that of the Wedgwood Room at the Waldorf-Astoria. Sheila Barrett is there for the two nightly shows and Paul Draper for the second one. Sheila Barrett is a *diseuse*, or some kind of *euse*. Paul Draper is a wizard. Actually, what he does, of course, is dance, but there is a strong dash of sorcery in his performing that makes you think he might have taken lessons from a jinni. Besides that, he has more rhythm than the average metronome and an air of absorption that is a relief from the elaborate gaiety most dancers burden themselves with. One treat he has to offer is a number in which he dances to a medley of request tunes played on the piano by Eddy Duchin, whose orchestra, by the way, supplies the Wedgwood music. One of these requests is pretty sure to be "The Blue Danube," which sends Draper flying around the room several feet off the floor, coming down only occasionally. Miss Barrett's stuff is much the same as ever, with one new representation of a refugee talking about democracy. A democracy has come to be a country in which night-club entertainers always work in something about democracy.

THE Plaza's Persian Room is bright and shiny, except when the lights go down for Jean Sablon's French torch songs, which he sings in a good, sad baritone. He is also apt to include a peppy version of an old folk song; in "Sur le Pont d'Avignon," for example, *les messieurs* and *les belles dames* are transformed into jitterbugs. Gower and Jeanne ballroom-dance. If ballroom-dance teams seem to be treated a little perfunctorily in these columns, it is because to this non-expert they all look very much alike. Not that they aren't graceful and agile and charming and generally remarkable; it's simply that they don't differ. Vernon and Irene Castle laid down a constitution that has gone virtually without amendment. Gower and Jeanne are perhaps more lively than most teams, and Jeanne is allowed to stay on her feet more than other feminine partners, but beyond that the two are not revolutionary.

The Copacabana, or maybe it's just Copacabana, has white palm trees growing out of the floor and a very good seating plan whereby the tables are on a series of elevations going up and back from the dance floor, so that the show, on a clear night, is visible even from the bleachers. Part of the music is by a samba band and therefore must be samba music, which in turn must be another Latin product imported to plague those of us who have barely got the tango, the rumba, and the conga straightened out. The show includes the Samba Sirens, Federico Rey, Estelita, Toni Todd, and Aurora, all of whom sing or dance, and some both. There is another ballroom team, composed of Don Loper and Maxine Barrat, whose marked distinction is that they frequently kiss each other, right out there in front of you.

TWO places without floor shows but with plenty of good, solid dancing are Larue and Le Coq Rouge. Larue is apparently well thought of by college folk, and you will find a lot of unmatched coats and trousers there. The dancing done by these particular undergraduates is on a horizontal plane, not up and down, so patrons of a more stately age are not kept cowering at their tables. It seems that even the class of 1945 has settled into reaction from the bouncing era and is intent only on being as urbane as its pink cheeks will let it. The orchestras are Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's. Le Coq Rouge (I wonder if cabdrivers will correct you by now if you get a gender wrong) attracts a slightly higher age bracket. Joseph C. Smith's orchestra has a predominance of strings and plays all the current musical-comedy tunes.

For good measure, we'll throw in a spot where there's a show but no dancing. It's Le Ruban Bleu, which is upstairs and rather dark. Maxine Sullivan is moving in there about now, but at the time of my visit Carrie Finnell, formerly of the World's Fair and more formerly of burlesque, was the dubious attraction. In case Miss Finnell turns up somewhere else and you'd like to know about her, I will say very obscurely that she has muscle control that would astonish a Yogi. —D. E. L.

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Alexandria (Va.) Gazette*]

COÖPERATION

Friendship—what a token
Of amity in one!
Wild-life ways—what a balance
For civilization's run!
Those hearts that, burning,
For friendships yearning,
Are lonely hearts of exiles,—
They're always seeking,
Forever speaking
Disconsolate orations from Memory's files.

Handshaking—what a symbol
Of coöperation!
Every smile in every while
Is but a great sensation.
To he who longs for the truths his songs are
Forever singing of:
He'll find them shining in skies, reclining
In coöperation's similitude of love!

—WARREN WOOSTER

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FOOTBALL

New Act

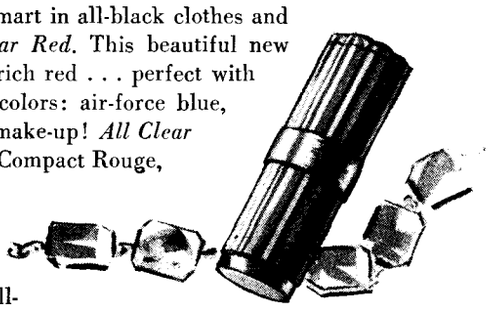
TO get right to the point, Lou Little, who coaches the Columbia team, has worked up a dandy new act for his backfield, and you might as well go and see it while it lasts. I say while it lasts because the whole thing is done out in the open, where everyone except, apparently, the opposing backfield can see what is going on, and sooner or later some scout will get the hang of it. For a while the other afternoon I thought the Princeton team had finally got on to it, but it may just have been that the shorthanded Columbia team was tiring or that the boys figured 21–0 was a good enough score to win by.

No coach, I imagine, can be called an inventor any more; the difference between coaches is that some are better carpenters than others. For his new act, Little has simply taken some bits of old lumber that are in the public domain —the end-around play, for instance, and the Statue of Liberty play, and the delayed line buck—and put them together in a new pattern. The number goes like this: When the team lines up on the offense, two backs, Governali and McIlvennan, stand about six yards behind the forwards and a yard apart. Bayer, the third back, stands just behind the Columbia right end, and Wood, the quarterback, behind centre. Wood begins calling signals, and in the middle of them Bayer, apparently remembering something he had been meaning to tell Governali and McIlvennan, wheels and goes tippytoe rearward to see them. Just before Bayer gets there the centre snaps the ball to Governali and the fun begins. An instant later, Bayer scoots through the yard-wide gap separating Governali and McIlvennan and the little group flies apart as though a spring had been released. Bayer tears around the Columbia left end, McIlvennan starts toward the centre of the line, and Governali drops back into passing position.

From this a wonderful variety of running plays, depending on whether Governali keeps the ball or gives it to one of his companions, develops. Last Saturday, Bayer, up to then a rather obscure young man, made a number of long gains on his swings around left end—the same play which, under the title KF79, became painfully famous on the West Coast when Columbia took it out

"The new Dorothy Gray All Clear Red was made to wear with black"

Fashion says . . . Look slim and smart in all-black clothes and light up your face with *All Clear Red*. This beautiful new Dorothy Gray make-up is a true rich red . . . perfect with black; brilliant foil for all fall colors: air-force blue, neon red, autumn navy. A young make-up! *All Clear Red* lipstick, $1. Cream Rouge or Compact Rouge, $1 each. Nail Polish, 60¢.



New *All Clear Red Make-up Set*, a matched twosome of lipstick and compact rouge in all-clear box, $1.50.

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DOROTHY GRAY

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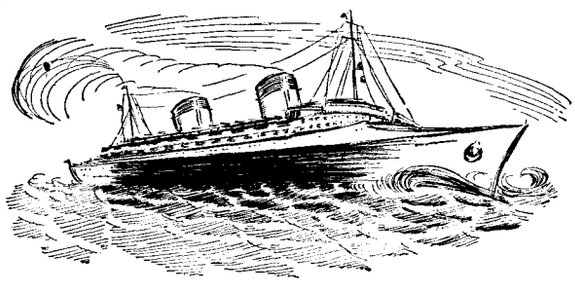
A BIT OF FRANCE THAT GOT AWAY



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and sprang it on an innocent Stanford team in the Rose Bowl in 1933. Possibly this maneuver was successful against Princeton because no one imagined Little would dare shine up that old chestnut, but I think there is a better explanation. The week before, when Little was breaking in his act against Brown, Bayer kept going through all the motions of the play but never once carried the ball.

A few passing plays were also supposed to come out of this formation, but Princeton, though it had never heard of Bayer, had heard of Governali, and whenever he went back to pass, the team rushed him so hard that most of the time he was flat on his ear before he had a chance to get rid of the ball. Incidentally, Bob Perina, third of the football-bearing Perina brothers, has improved this fall more than any other man on the Princeton squad; I'd rank him second only to Bob Peters, the captain of the team. Bill Sheridan, the sophomore end who my undercover men insist is going places, went nowhere on Saturday, but Bruce Wilson, another end, cut off two apparent Columbia touchdowns, once by catching the ballcarrier from behind after the whole Princeton backfield had been swept out of the way by Columbia interference.

FOR sheer exuberance, I'll take a small Southern team in early season, like Virginia, which almost beat Yale a fortnight ago, or V.M.I., which badly scared Army last week. Such a team

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always comes North with one or two brilliant backs and a collection of plays which are run off as smoothly as though they had been rehearsed for months. I will never forget the afternoon I first saw Rhoten Shetley, now quarterback for the Brooklyn Dodgers and then with Furman, play against Army. This year, V.M.I. got off a couple of stunts in the Army game which no one will forget in a hurry. Once Muha, kicking from his fifteen-yard line, dropped the ball dead on Army's one-inch line; once Pritchard, after an Army punt had put his team in almost as bad a hole, dropped back behind his own goal and threw a pass which went for a touchdown. Army, by the way, looks vastly improved under its new management (Red Blaik). It is curious to see men like Maupin and Hatch, who have been in a dream walking for two years, suddenly developing into real players.

YALE, which put up a better battle than I expected against the galloping Penn team last week, has broken out with a left-handed passer, Hoopes, an idea on which Navy had seemingly held the patent for a good many years. Hoopes and Ferguson gave Penn some trouble, but not nearly enough, with their passing. Penn, I expect, isn't going to have too much trouble with anyone, unless it is Navy. Right now, the Penn-Navy game looks like the match of the season, at least in this part of the country. —J. W. L.

• •

"TIRED OF IT ALL"

(A POEM DESIGNED FOR EVENTUAL REPRODUCTION IN THE QUERIES AND ANSWERS DEPARTMENT OF THE NEW YORK "TIMES" BOOK REVIEW)

"Tired of It All!" And the dreaded look came into his darkling eye,
"Tired to death of the subway and the men that sell and buy,
And the petty occupations of the weary world of men,
And getting up in the morning and going to bed again.

"And tired of the radio programs and the ceaseless strife for pelf,
And very tired of the neighbors, and a little tired of myself!"
I bent my head o'er my sewing to hide the teardrops' fall,
For I realized that my dear one again was Tired of It All.

He took a magazine to read, and he kissed my bended head;
"Good night, good night, my darling." And I heard his heavy tread
Ascend the creaking stairway, and I heard the waters fall
In the bath; and my tears were scalding, to think he was Tired of It All.

I know not how long I pondered, for I fell in a study brown
On the dreary struggle to make ends meet in a small suburban town,
And the golden dreams of courtship, now dimmed by material cares.
But sudden I thought, "For a long, long time there's been no sound from upstairs!"

And a dreadful terror gripped me, and I flew with a wingèd stride
Up the stairs to the bathroom door, and, quaking, I flung it wide—
And there, shut-eyed, unmoving, my dear one met my view
In a tub that was filled with a horrid flood of a dark and crimson hue!

And the world was suddenly blackened; I screamed and fell on the floor
In a trance, our refuge from torture; and then I heard nothing more
Till I heard a dear voice shouting with a loud solicitude,
And I found my shoulder shaken by my dear one in the nude.

And I laughed with hysterical laughter, so ridiculous was the scene,
For in one hand he was holding a dripping magazine,
'Twixt sobs and oaths explaining he had taken it up for a bed book,
And had fallen asleep in the bathtub, while reading a tale in the *Redbook*.

And so, my suffering sisters, I bid you all beware
Of letting life grow too tiresome and full of material care.
Though this incident turned out comic, the next one may worse befall,
If your dear one gets to brooding how Tired he is of It All.

—MORRIS BISHOP

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with
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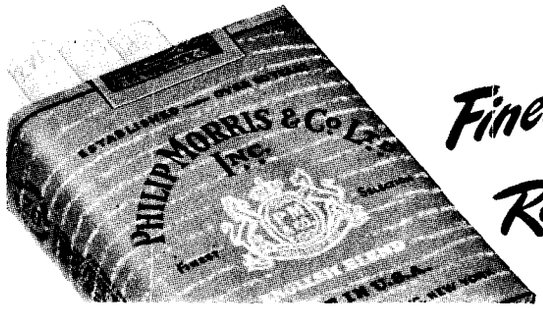
IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO PHILIP MORRIS—IRRITANT EFFECTS OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING BRANDS AVERAGED *THREE TIMES AS HIGH*—AND *LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!*

Some inhaling goes with smoking...but worry about throat irritation need *not* go with inhaling. Change now to Philip Morris—for pleasure *without penalties. Why wait?*



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THE RACE TRACK

Seven Winners

IT'S been several years since a jockey has ridden as many winners in an afternoon as Alfred Robertson did at Jamaica last week—six out of seven mounts, as you may have heard. A footloose outside man reports that he saw a newspaper in New Haven, where sports pages are devoted to higher education, with the headline "Robertson Rides Six Horses." As a matter of fact, Robertson did rather better than most headlines indicated. He won the last race Wednesday on Cinder Maid and the first four races Thursday on Sorgho, Running Lights, Sun Galomar, and Grand Party, all at big odds, too. Then, after he finished ninth in the fifth race on a filly named Picture Hat, he came back and won on Paul Pry and Starlike. There it all ended.

A psychologist would be the only person who could describe the state of mind that horseplayers got into after Sun Galomar won. Everyone who wasn't figuring what a parlay on Robertson would have paid was telling everyone else that the boy simply couldn't win again, that it was all against the law of averages, and that it would be foolish to bet on him. Some were too incredulous for words—at any rate, nice words—after Starlike won at $46.30. They said that the other jockeys shooed him in. I doubt it; Starlike wouldn't have paid such high odds if there had been any conspiracy. I suppose somebody backed all of Robertson's mounts, although I don't know anyone who did. The winnings from two-dollar bets on each, including the daily double, would have come to $395.90. However, on Saturday Robertson didn't have a winner in six tries, which ought to give you a rough idea of what might happen should you make a grim resolve to take up the old system of wagering on successful jockeys.

Robertson, a trim, affable little man who was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, thirty years ago this weekend, has been riding since he was fifteen. He is not as spectacular as Meade or Arcaro, but he is liked by trainers because he doesn't take too much out of the horses he rides. At the same time, he gets results. In the last ten years he has ridden about 1,300 winners. Like most riders, he's crazy

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about golf and fishing. Once he backed an ice-skating rink in Miami, but it didn't freeze very well. Since then he has stuck to racing, golf, and fishing.

NO wonder Apache beat Devil Diver in the Remsen Handicap at Jamaica last weekend. He had fourteen pounds' advantage in the weights, twice as much as he had in The Futurity. Also, Devil Diver set too fast a pace for the first half-mile on a track still damp and rough from rain the day before. It has been no stable secret all season that Apache is William Woodward's best two-year-old. Now that he must pick up high weight, it's going to be interesting to see how good he really is.

A two-year-old who impressed me last week was Paladin, who won with ridiculous ease at a mile and seventy yards. He is an English horse whom G. Herbert Walker bought sight unseen a year ago, and when he arrived in this country he was such a scrawny, undersized beast that Walker was tempted to dispose of him and forget the whole business. The only reason he didn't was that the colt was so well bred, being by Bahram out of Kampala, who was by Clarissimus. Paladin has since developed into the best-looking colt by Bahram I've seen.

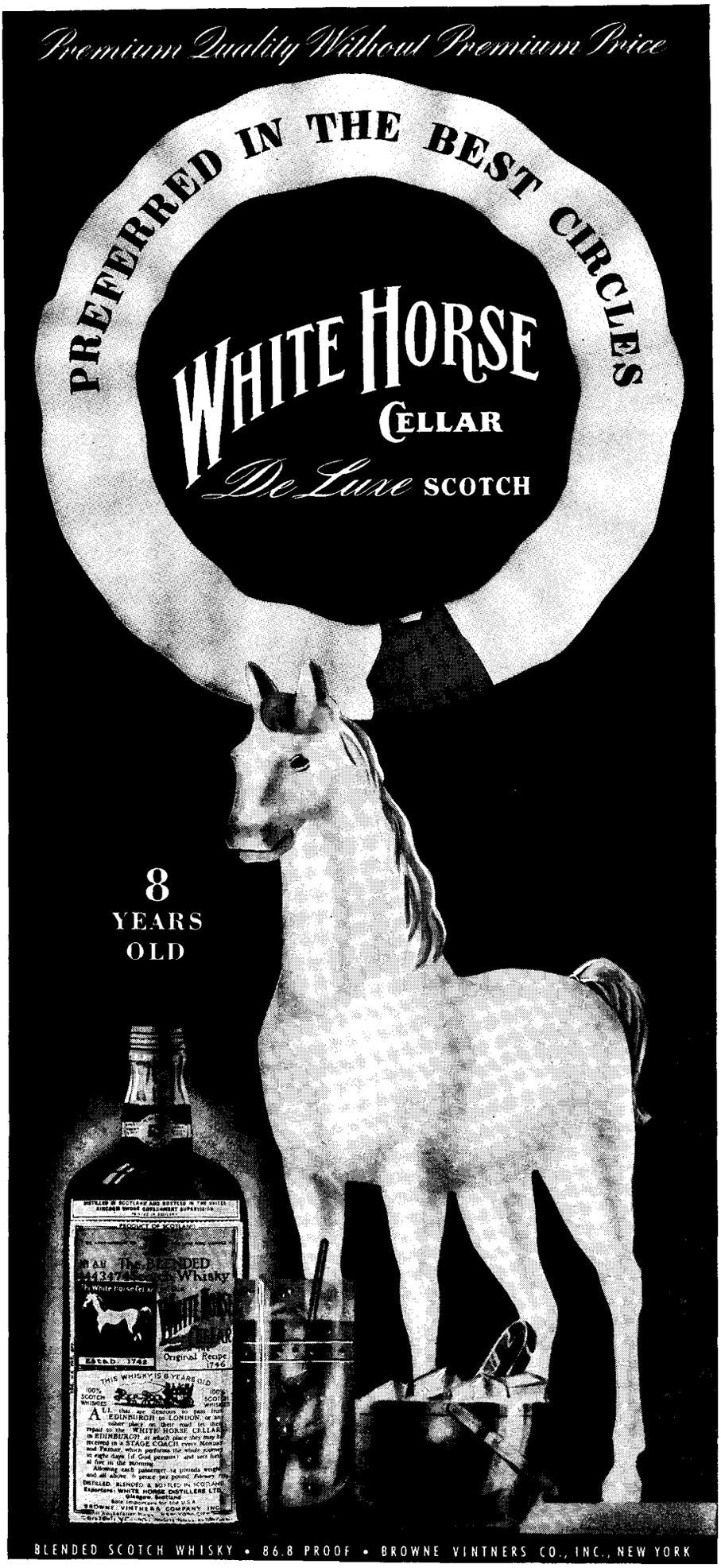
WELL, the Jamaica meeting has passed quickly enough, leaving a trail of beaten favorites, and here we are at Empire City again. The horses at Empire may not be quite Saratoga class, but I can't think of a meeting that is more fun. Remember that, because the days are getting shorter and the programs longer, time for the first race is 1:45 P.M.; if it were any later, the runners in the last race might have to carry riding lights. The Autumn Day Stakes for two-year-old fillies (I like Ubiquitous) and the Scarsdale Handicap will be run this weekend.

TRANSPORTATION NOTE: The daily noon race train from Boston to Rockingham Park is called the Business Men's Special. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Society's younger set, accustomed to lending helping hands to benefits, now gives attention to politics. Debutante Constance Sneed met at the Versailles Saturday afternoon with Ann Hare, Marie Louise Aigletinger, Hope Carroll, and Anne Kelly to do their bit in the City Fusion Party's campaign to re-elect Mayor LaGuardia. They all had their pictures taken.—*World-Telegram society column.*

Splendid!



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GREAT GUNS

THE duck season will be going full tilt pretty soon, and a lot of hardy people (mostly male, but some of my sex, too,) will be out quaking away happily in gale-swept blinds and little boats that leak ice water and having a high old time. Duck-shooting, or, if one would be a purist about these things, shootin', must certainly be a lot of fun for those who think it's fun.

Once in what is known as a blue moon, I get asked through some mistake to go duck-shooting, and through some more serious mistake I hear myself saying I'll go. It's practically impossible to say no to sportsmen. They proffer a chance to go ice-boating, beagling, or pigsticking with a solemnity and ritual which suggest the conferring of an honorary degree. And I invariably fall for it.

The moment I've accepted an invitation to go duck-shooting, I realize I've made a great blunder. I explain that I don't know how to shoot. That just encourages the prospective host, who says, "Then you can watch me," to which I can only bleat that that'll be dandy. Then, remembering my scanty wardrobe—in which my only concessions to hardy outdoor life are a tweed suit, a pair of golf shoes, and an old mink coat—I protest that I haven't any suitable clothes.

"You've surely got duck pants?" the hunter asks.

"No duck pants, or pheasant pants; in fact, no pants at all," I reply.

"Haven't you any old waders?"

"Old waders?"

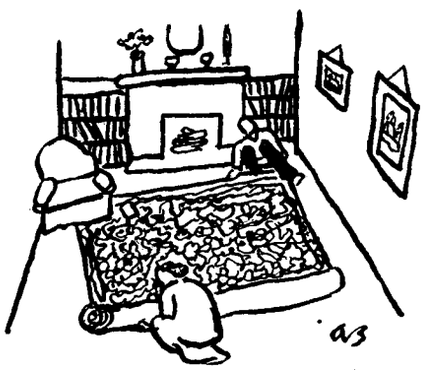
"You know, old hip boots."

Shooting togs, like brandy, must be old, it seems. As I answer, "No, I haven't any old waders," I have visions of trying to wedge several yards of rubber boots into my hall closet, which has just room for the vacuum cleaner and one pair of galoshes.

"How about some old mackinaws, leather jackets, and windbreakers?" the hunter goes on. He might as well say "How about some old halberds, breastplates, and cuisses?" The only ancient and heavy garment of a sporting nature in my possession is a leftover from college days—a gem, once the property of my roommate, which bears the legend "Varsity" in yellow letters across the front. One glimpse of it would be enough to send any duck back to Hudson Bay.

Lack of equipment, however, doesn't let me off. People who shoot ducks always have a lot of extra apparel, which they insist upon lending. They, and doubtless their fathers before them, have worn the offered garments every season for years. I'm not much for wearing other people's clothes, especially their shooting clothes, which, even when clean, give forth an impression of having been hung for some time in the game room. Moreover, there's always an element of uncertainty, and possibly shock, about what you may find in the pockets—anything from a brier pipe to a hardened mitten or an old Chiclet. The true sportsman, however, lends his things in the manner of Prince Charming giving his cloak to the Little Match Girl, and I haven't the courage to refuse.

SOME days after accepting the invitation, I find myself setting forth with a heavy bag and an even heavier heart for shore points and for something called a shooting box, which, when I finally see it, looks pretty much like just a house to me. The company are agreeable, even if it's hard to understand their lingo, and the evening is pleasant—too pleasant for anyone who has to get up at four the following morning. All splendid sports must, it seems, start at a zero hour. Someone wakes you—someone far too cheerful—and for a desperate minute or two you lie there trying to figure out where you are. Not that, after you've done the figuring, you are any happier. It's still pitch-dark outside and, to judge by the temperature of the room, a second Glacial Age has begun. The individual who woke you closes your window and, if there's a fireplace, starts a fire that merely smokes dolefully and doesn't get really going till you're dressed and on your chattering way. I generally make an attempt to defrost my undergarments by taking them into bed and lying on them for a time, but this is of little help and the inevitable moment arrives when I stand naked in a frigid room and pull over my quaking limbs a congealed suit of what is aptly known as heavies. If any girl reaches a state of worldly vanity in which she fancies herself a potential Du Barry, all she need do to bring herself back to penitence is to behold herself encased from wrist to ankle in a gray woollen union suit. Small wonder if, as I've been told, the Mormons use it as their symbol of the Garment of Humility. What goes on over it doesn't help much, either. The shirt is a veteran number that saw service at the Mexican border and, from the feel, still has bits of cactus in it. The pants are dark green and look as if they'd been whipped together out of the hall runner. To make them more practical, they have a copious *derrière* that hangs down in a sort of saddlebag effect. Footwear is also seductive—two pairs of socks several sizes too large, some fleece-lined Eskimo booties known as shoepacks, and over all this a pair of rubber boots with feet that any circus clown would itch to borrow.



As if the sight of myself in this outfit weren't already sufficiently unappetizing, I find I'm expected to rally round a kitchen table with a lot of hearties and try to down a rugged mess of coffee and ham and eggs, which at this bleak hour gets no further than my craw. Everybody else seems horribly awake. There is a good deal of lusty talk among the hunters. The moment some people get into rough sporting attire, they talk in tones several degrees louder than ordinary and all final "g"s fall like leaves in autumn. They also drink their coffee vocally, which probably gets them in some kind of mood. After breakfast someone divides the party into pairs and tells them where they're to go. I keep hoping they'll forget me, but eventually I am relegated to some poor wretch and we set forth.

Once outdoors, things seem better. There's something about being out before dawn in late November or early December that makes you feel you're doing something big for your country. A truck takes my partner and me to some unknown destination, and from there we start walking to the blind—a process which, owing to that footgear, requires a new technique that practically necessitates doing the splits. We lurch along over rough ground and drag through reed-strewn water and finally reach a little wooden structure sitting forlornly in the middle of a marsh like a leftover from a flood. This is the blind—our happy home for the rest of the day.

PEOPLE who shoot will tell you there's nothing like sitting out in a blind all day, and they're right. One remains cooped up from before dawn till after sunset in a pen the size of a

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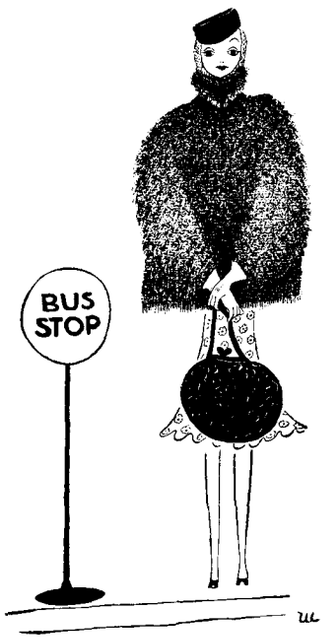
sawed-in-half sentry box with one or possibly two other hunters, some sinister pieces of firearms, and a very damp dog. The only thing to recline on is a narrow plank; there's no space in which to move about, and all the time little knifelike drafts play viciously upon your most vulnerable parts. The novelty of the experience makes things start off well enough. You even think it's going to be fun. The dawn breaks and ducks rise off the water and your companion shoots one or two, or doesn't, as the case may be. Then begins the experience of gradually freezing into insensibility. There's no possible way of keeping warm. You can't run briskly up and down a space the size of a witness box; you don't even dare beat your arms across your chest for fear of hitting your companion in the eye—not that now and then you don't entertain that impulse. All you can do is sit there waiting for that moment when death from freezing is supposed to become rather pleasant. I try to endure it all with fortitude. I think hard of noble souls like Admiral Byrd down in his polar shack and St. Bernards out on the Matterhorn, but they don't warm me up. I try to rise above my discomfort and indulge in bright conversation, but a hunter isn't much for repartee when he's on the job. Sometimes it rains, and that's considered fun, too. Icy water trickles down my neck, seeps down my rear, or runs playfully off the end of my nose. I console myself by remembering how good rain is for the complexion, then think what's the use of a good complexion when you're about to die of pneumonia.

True hunters become so absorbed in the joys of the sport they frequently forget about lunch, but I don't. I



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Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY

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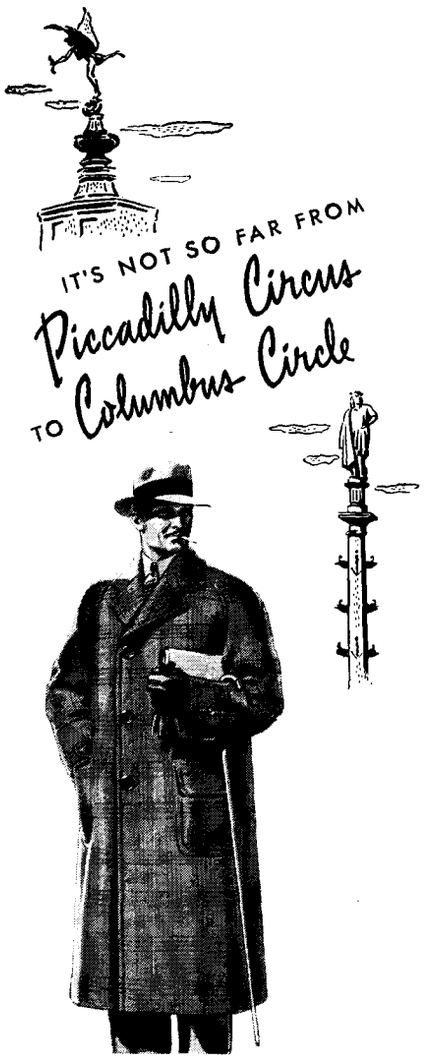

HUMAN NATURE is the same in London and New York, in Juneau and St. Johns. All around the civilized globe, the Burberry Overcoat is chosen by the discerning not alone for its honored name, but for intrinsic worth. Current importations retain all of that incomparable warmth-without-weight and smartness-without-ostentation which men of taste have associated with the Burberrys label for well over a half-century.

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sit there dreaming about hot soup and steaming roasts until my companion pacifies me with a soggy sandwich and a chunk of bitter chocolate, which I devour along with some tasty bits of mitten.

And meanwhile, what of the ducks? The first few of the morning have fled and only some stray ones fly over, so I don't ever get a chance to see a good flight. Whenever a duck comes near, my companion always whispers "Get down, get down! Don't move! Don't look up!" and I have yet to behold these fabulous birds in any state but dead or flapping their last on the water, neither of which is much fun. I am not of the race of heroes and the sight of bloodshed fails to elate me. Furthermore, there's one thing I invariably forget until I'm out in a blind and can't retreat. That is my deathly fear of guns. I'm always sure they're going to go off unexpectedly. I don't even like to pass in front of the old cannons at the base of a Civil War memorial.

IT all eventually comes to an end, and by some miracle I don't die of pneumonia, which is rather disappointing. The party breaks up and I am sent home with a couple (or maybe it's a brace) of ducks. The irony of this is—and here goes for a heinous admission—I don't really like wild duck. I try to. I follow all instructions about their treatment and cooking, and I still don't like them. There's a vague suggestion of cod-liver oil about the best of them that I find distressing, and I'm not good at carving them. Moreover, I have a molar that acts like a magnet for shot, and I am as averse to chewing shot as I am to spewing it forth.

I guess the thing for me to do is to stay home and eat broiled chicken. That'll probably be O.K. by the hunters. —CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

• •

TRIP TO TOWN

Are children nowadays conveyed,
Along with Grandma and the maid,
Cityward through Jersey towns
To shop for ankle ties and gowns?

Are limousines built up so high
They sway as they go grandly by,
Headed for dark Hoboken docks,
And thence to Hollander's for frocks?

I can remember when they were.

I can remember morning's blur
On Warren County barns and churches,
The chug of engine slower, slow,
The spread of farmlands down below,
Checkered and rolling, wide and still,
As we climbed over Jug Town Hill.

I can remember how we'd go
Over the crest in lunging lurches,
The car top-heavy with its load,
An arrogant old careening castle,
And Grandma clutching at the tassel,
Downward around steep curves of road.

Then on across the Jersey flats
To try on shoes and coats and hats
And sailor suits with dickey vests
At Peter Thomson's or at Best's.

I can remember endless sitting,
Endless measuring, endless fitting,
Tireless matching of browns and blues,
And at Frank's, where we always went
for shoes,
The buttoning off and buttoning on
Until we were weary, stubborn, wan.

Lunching at Maillard's with great éclat,
I can remember *langues-de-chat*;
I can remember *café parfait*,
Strawberry tarts, *marrons glacés*.

Then off again to still more places
For hats and hair ribbons and laces.
To Tiffany's to leave some rings,
And to Vantine's for lacquered things
Or novelties in jade and quartz.
And later, looking around in Schwarz,
I can remember lady dolls
And a rabbit that popped his head up
high
From a cabbage that played "The
Lorelei."

I can remember Peacock Alley.
I can remember lobster soup
Before we started the homeward loop
From the Raritan to the Lehigh Valley.

I can remember headlights' glare
Bright on branch of tree and boulder,
And, half asleep on Grandma's
shoulder,
Being intermittently aware
Of fence and limekiln flashing fast,
Till a sudden dampness as we passed
Along the Musconetcong Creek
Told us by its thrusting chill
That we were over Jug Town Hill;
Nearing ground we knew so well
That sleepy, sleepier, we could tell,
By feel of swerve and stretch of
straight,
What landmark we went by so late.

—SARA LUDLOW HOLMES

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

WHILE I don't want to seem an ingrate, I do think something should be done about those helpful friends who insist on telling a girl her headgear is all wrong and why. If you fancy yourself the calotte type, they'll assure you—always in the sweetest and it's-all-for-your-own-good tone—that you really should be wearing a dashing Merry Widow banked with roses and willowy plumes; when your mood calls for a quill-pierced Rough Rider sports hat, they'll insist that a saucer dripping lovebirds and fruit would look much better. Downright unnerving, I say. When your self-confidence begins to crack under the assaults of these unsquelchable butter-inners and you feel that you are fading on the vine, a trustworthy milliner will do more to bolster up your morale than all the psychiatrists in the world.

This brings to mind Robert Dudley, 20 East 56th Street, whose talents are such that he can satisfy the most pernickety. What's more, his hats are designed so cunningly that they bring out good points which even the vainest woman never imagined she owned. Dudley likes height this year; he shows youthful off-the-face Valkyrie caps in brown velours, with beige coq feathers flat at either side, that are perfect to wear with suits, and dressier Infanta affairs of bottle green banded with minute gold braid that are nice for shiny-haired brunettes. Cloches, which have returned to favor with a bang, are modified here to show the coiffure instead of covering it up in the trying, old-fashioned way. One in bronze felt has an enormous crown laced with various shades of gray ribbons that end in a series of bows at the front; a yellow felt swathed with a bronze veil is prettied up by means of yellow and white feathers plucked from the exotic barnyard hen, but you'd never guess it. Dudley's hussar hats in beige fox or black marabou are designed to be tilted well down over one eye; his olive-green tricorns have pale-red snoods brought forward to knot at the throat, ascot style, and not only are becoming but hold your locks firmly in place. Then there are Latin Quarter berets in soft shades of velveteen, which are somehow flattering even to girls with short, broad faces (always a problem), and corduroy sailors that have cuff brims and are ornamented with wooden beads in all sorts of colors and scrolls. That's variety for you!

Dudley's dinner and evening hats are not for folk who dislike removing them at the theatre, for they, too, soar. Among them are a Victorian affair literally covered with red, green, and black ostrich tips, a lacquered satin cap with self loops zooming above the brow, and a bishop's mitre appliquéd with felt leaves that is charming and not at all oppressive, no matter how it sounds.

KATHLEEN, 118 East 60th Street, keeps on catering as successfully to débutante daughters as to their mothers, with prices as elastic as her age limits—from $22 to well up. Fur-trimmed suits seem to be the favorites at the moment, especially in gray. Among her gray things there is a wool ensemble, as suitable for afternoon weddings as for a day at the races. It consists of a nipped-in jacket with Persian-lamb revers, worn over a matching dress fastened with silver-metal buttons. Another ensemble, with a mammoth gray fox collar, has a dress tucked from shoulder to waist in such fine detail you'd swear it was custom-made. Bright shades abound as well; look at a hip-length box coat of tango red that has a tuxedo front banded with brown Persian to match the color of the simple dress beneath ($125). Girls with slimmer purses will go for a $60 honey in olive green decked out with a generous notched collar of soft brown fur. Of course, there are plenty of furless suits, too, such as a black wool one with widely spaced silk frogs that has a matching dress topped by a duvetyn-jersey bodice in gold. It's a case of double duty; with the coat, the suit has a tailored air, and without it, you are nicely turned out for the fanciest lunch.

Even members of the hothouse contingent will hanker for a blizzard when they see such cold-weather temptations as fur-lined topcoats of red tweed and silvery muskrat or of mustard wool and nutria. Both these types are cut like raglans, so they'll slip on easily, even over heavy suits, and are appropriate

"But I'm quite positive this is the one Harper's Bazaar calls a rather tolerable little wine."

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Common Shirt Faults	*Arrow's Remedies*
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ARROW SHIRTS

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either for brisk walks in town or for active weekends in the country.

Young things going out in the evening should admire Kathleen's black dresses with flashes of bright color. One of her pets has a black velvet bodice and a flaring bengaline skirt diagonally striped in green, red, and yellow, sufficiently vivid to catch the eye of the most wearied member of a stag line; older sisters may prefer a sleek black crêpe, banded only with green grosgrain, that looks more expensive than it is. Sophisticated ladies will adore a black crêpe sheath with a long-sleeved white jacket embroidered in silver bugles that make it shimmer like frost.

DELMAN, the shoe expert who holds forth at Bergdorf Goodman, is strong on pumps, as always, and his trick is to deck them out with bows that are not only ingenious but plenty foreshortening, too. He dotes on suède and shows it in every conceivable tone, trimmed with such fanciful devices as large, flat bows diagonally striped with copper wire in a shoe which he calls In the Groove. (Come, come, Mr. D. You can do better than that.) Little domino-shaped bows of snakeskin or alligator are placed on pumps with sturdy wall lasts, which for the first time, so far as I know, have open toes (open toes are as popular as all getout around here). Fussier ones have pompons that, when done in maroon, look just like honest-to-goodness carnations. The giddiest of the lot are dressed up with wooden spools of silk thread, which may or may not be going too far but surely would help even a shy girl grab the spotlight at any party.

The same sort of extremes in trimming crop up for evening, too—good news for gadabouts planning to burst forth in those new, deeply slashed evening gowns,which make feet more conspicuous than they have been for years. Slippers, usually satin, with or without high ankle straps, include nude satin ones covered with black lace, with square bows curling up slightly at the edges; festive ones that boast five-tiered bows, each tier in a startlingly different shade; and black affairs ornamented from instep to toe with petalled flowers, feminine enough to make stalwart hiking types cultivate a mincing walk.

—M. M.

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PLANNIG THE BEDROOM
PROPER LOCATION OF WINDOWS AND DOORS HELD IMPORTANT
—*Headlines in the Times.*

A matter of drafts, apparently.

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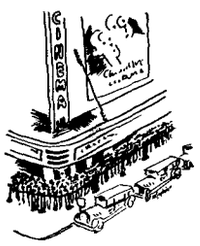
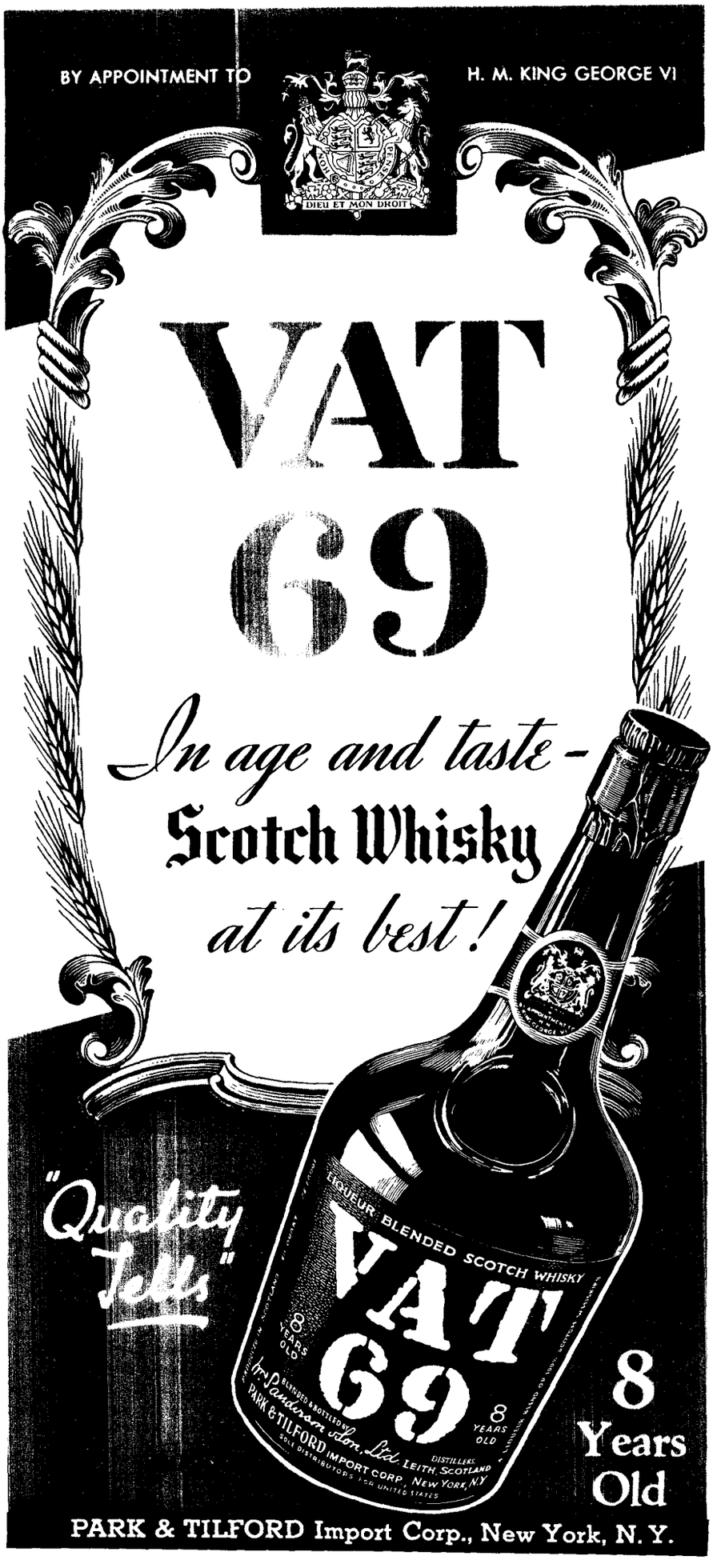
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Faust in New Hampshire



THE early decades of the nineteenth century abounded in American activities which have provided beautiful movie material, and not all of it, either, has been stuff suitable only for Westerns and frontier heroics. New England, however, has been generally chosen as a setting for stories of a preceding period. The New England of stockades, scarlet letters, and witches has been the most popular selection. Thus a film of the New Hampshire of the eighteen-forties seems to be almost exploration. Life, to be sure, in that particular state and at that time was a grim affair of farming uncordial soil, of planting wheat which often enough the farmer later saw crushed by hail, of living out long years of unrelieved poverty and agrarian toil. It hardly, therefore, supplies many of the usual facile screen situations. Not usual, anyhow, is Stephen Vincent Benét's fable of this life, his much admired "The Devil and Daniel Webster," and quite singular, as films go, is Mr. Benét's film version, "All That Money Can Buy."

Any literal, conscientious account of life in that New Hampshire might tend to resemble one of the government's reports on erosion or perhaps a chapter from some Farmer's Manual, and a feature-length picture of the kind might leave an audience restive and hankering for a night club. The introduction of the supernatural certainly adds color. Let the Devil himself enter a hayloft and a bizarre note, at least, is struck. Personally, I am a little cold to the fancy, but I have never heard that any busybody ever told Goethe that he didn't care for the idea of "Faust" and that Marlowe had done it to death, and I doubt if such a person would have got very far in the literary society of his day. Mr. Benét has substantial backing for his legend, and if you grant the premise, you must acknowledge that he has handled it well and boldly. Mephistopheles appears as Mr. Scratch now, and his garments are more rustic than operatic, while his behavior seems all the more curiously elfin since it is Walter Huston we see in the rôle. Somehow, Mr. Huston manages to look quite slight, boyish, and



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Brandy
OF OLD-WORLD QUALITY
Experts Rank it With The Foremost French Cognacs
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Why not follow their lead and keep *two* bottles of Lea & Perrins Sauce in your culinary treasure chest?

One bottle near the stove, to pour enchantment into meat-loaves and casseroles; another for the table, to dash on when sizzling meat and fish platters appear.

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roguish as a tatterdemalion Prince of Darkness. He skips into a barn one day, finds a young farmer (James Craig) at his wit's end with trouble, and offers him a fortune in "Hessian gold" for the traditional stake of his soul. Faustian fantasy and New England realism parade together throughout the rest of the story, and the union seems startling, yet is not muddled, as it might well have been.

Not Helen this time, with her face that launched a thousand ships, but a mysterious sort of nursemaid, a phantom beauty, appears from the nether world, causes talk among the neighbors, and, being played by Simone Simon, has a French accent. Anne Shirley, as the injured and bewildered wife, is properly New England and Edward Arnold, as Daniel Webster, the great man of the district, is distinctly earthy and very American. The whole thing might have been treated as a Webster dream, for Mr. Webster liked his rum and often snoozed after a beaker or two of it, but no simple dream trick is provided as a clue to the eerie phantasmagoria, which is all to the good. I like my devils and my phantoms straight, if at all, and undoubtedly the outright, bald presentation adds distinction to this somewhat strange production of the Hollywood studios, giving us a perfect conglomeration of New Hampshire and Hell.

AN earlier Oregon, the Oregon of 1810, an Oregon of Indians and of those fur traders who were busy getting the Astors started, is the scene of the climax of "This Woman Is Mine." Much of the film takes place on a ship bound round the Horn, a voyage that might have been uneventful had not one of those female screen stowaways turned up—this time a Carol Bruce stowaway. Franchot Tone, in one of his starchy moods, and John Carroll scrap over the wench, but it is all very, very dismal.

Modern life is served, or dished up anyhow, in "Tanks a Million," another farce about the draftees and the feeblest of the collection. —JOHN MOSHER

•

TACOMA, Wash. (AP)—Mrs. Lawrence Almont, 46, gave birth Tuesday to her seventeenth child—a boy.

Asked how many of the children were boys and how many girls, flustered Father Almont, a carpenter, replied seriously:

Egyptian literature indicates that the Pharaohs trained pigeons to loop the loop.
—*From the Boise Idaho Statesman.*

Flustered is the word, all right.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

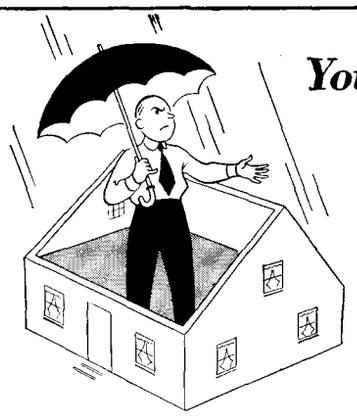
Firsts

ONE might have looked forward to a little extra excitement at the opening of the Philharmonic-Symphony's centennial season, but the concert was a reasonably sedate affair. Leopold Stokowski, first of this semester's sequence of conductors, supplied something new in podium equipment with a light that illuminated his hands from below. However, he offset this visual innovation by abandoning his unorthodox orchestral setup and seating the players in the traditional arrangement—first fiddles to his left, seconds to his right. The program contained nothing uncommonly controversial, there was no intermission oratory (for which much thanks), and the audience was appreciative without getting unwontedly aggressive about it.

American music is to have a break throughout the orchestra's centennial session. Mr. Stokowski included on the first bill "Tales of Our Countryside," a set of four short pieces for piano and orchestra by Henry Cowell, who took care of the solo responsibilities like an expert pianist, which he is. The melodies were attractively folklike inventions, and the suite was worked out effectively right through a good, box-office finale. The piano part had its quota of "tone clusters," which, as those who are familiar with Mr. Cowell's music know, are groups of notes played by the application of the fist or forearm. Cluster production may have looked odd to visitors who hadn't previously seen Mr. Cowell in action. It sounded O.K., though.

The playing of two of Mr. Stokowski's Bach transcriptions and of Beethoven's fifth symphony didn't have the polish or tonal beauty that one generally hears when Mr. Stokowski is conducting. These qualities arrived, however, in the prelude and conclusion of "Tristan und Isolde," which certainly got itself handsomely done right by.

THE Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, in the first show of its present season at the Metropolitan Opera House, offered the world première of "Labyrinth," for which Salvador Dali supplied the libretto, scenery, and costumes. Customers who expected something like



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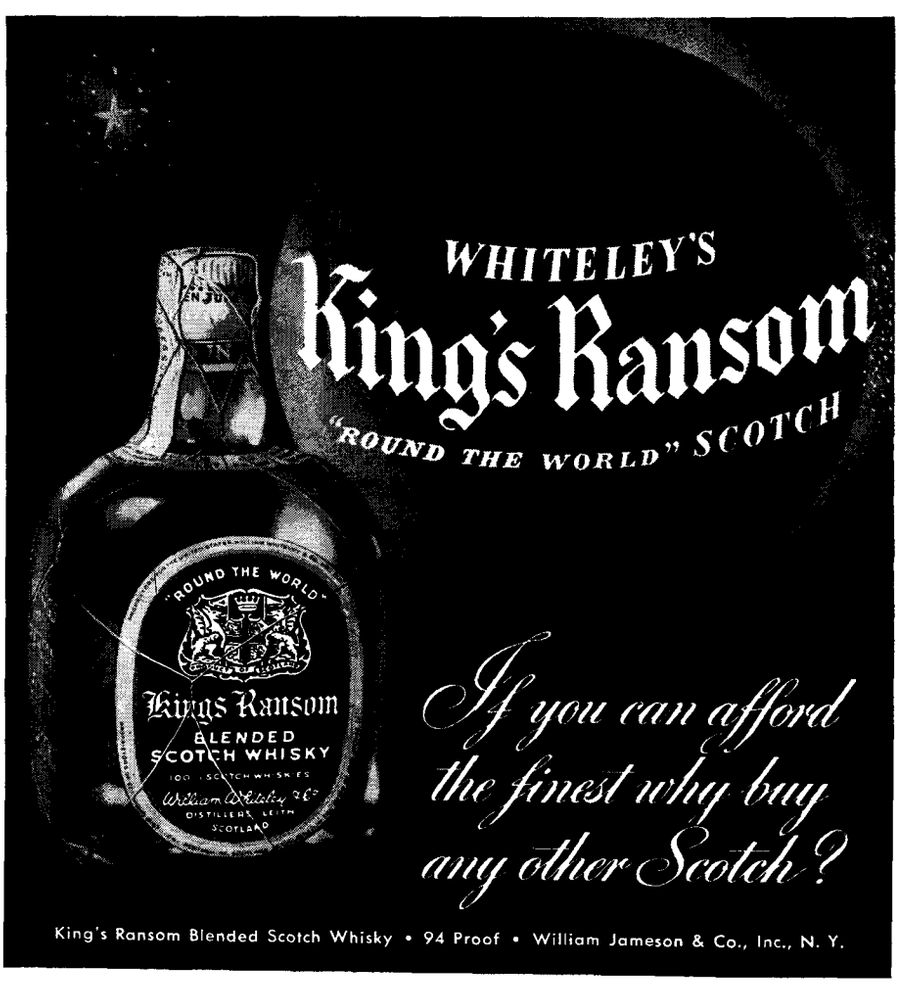
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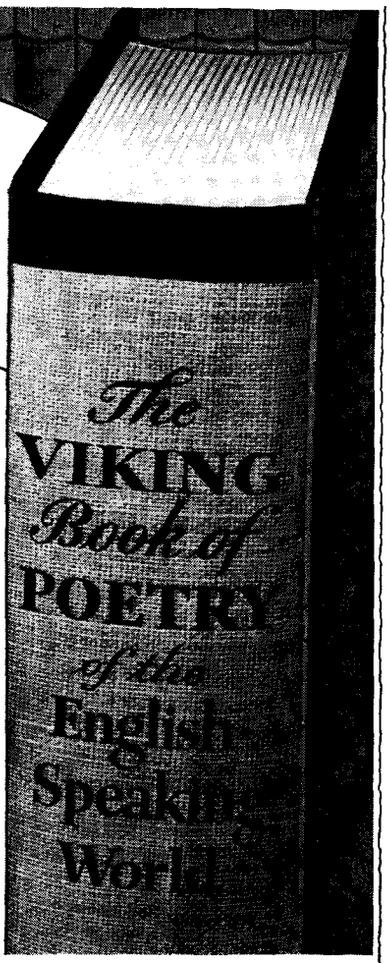

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"Bacchanale," the earlier Dali contribution, which delighted all the prankophiles about town, may have been disappointed, because the libretto was the Theseus-Minotaur-Ariadne myth, practically straight, and the investiture was, for Mr. Dali, almost decorously decorative. The Dali designs and Leonide Massine's choreography nevertheless made up a production that was full of striking and ingenious devices, some of them engagingly humorous. For those who wanted it, there was a symbolic explanation of the story. If you'd rather not, just skip the philosophic part of the program notes for "Labyrinth."

The new ballet was set to Schubert's C-major symphony, a curious bit of posthumous collaboration that didn't turn out so badly as one might have anticipated, perhaps because Efrem Kurtz, who was conducting, adjusted the rhythms of the symphony so shrewdly. Stravinsky's "Poker Game," which prefaced "Labyrinth" at the opening session, suffered from a sort of misdeal that evening. "Gaîté Parisienne" was as sound as ever, and some of the Ballet's principals seemed to be better than ever. All told, the return of the troupe is good news for dance fanciers.

So, too, are the presentations of the Jooss Ballet at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. The Jooss group maintains its fine standard of dancing and miming, and an especially interesting addition to its repertoire is its first American ballet—"Drums Sound in Hackensack," a notable creation by Miss Agnes de Mille.

THERE must be a big market for books about music, because the publishers certainly are pouring them out. Here are a few notes on three recent volumes that really deserve columns of discussion: Paul Henry Láng's "Music in Western Civilization" is a huge (more than a thousand pages) and magnificently worked out history, readable and stimulating. "Our New Music," by Aaron Copland, is a lucidly helpful exposition of what the composers of present-day music are getting at, persuasively and authoritatively set forth by a musician who is himself included in "Great Modern Composers," an excellent compilation of thirty-three short biographies, edited by Oscar Thompson. —ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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BOOKS

More Posthumous Wolfe—Hard Rock, Thin Air, a Rope

THOMAS WOLFE left over a million words in manuscript when he died, but the million words did not die with him. Out of that tremendous mass "The Web and the Rock" and "You Can't Go Home Again" were quarried. The remainder may supply several more books. One, in fact—"The Hills Beyond"—is being published this week. In addition to its longish title story, it contains ten short tales and sketches. Some of these, it seems clear, were to have occupied places in the infinite stream of Gant-Webber-Wolfe novels, novels which Wolfe thought of collectively as The Book.

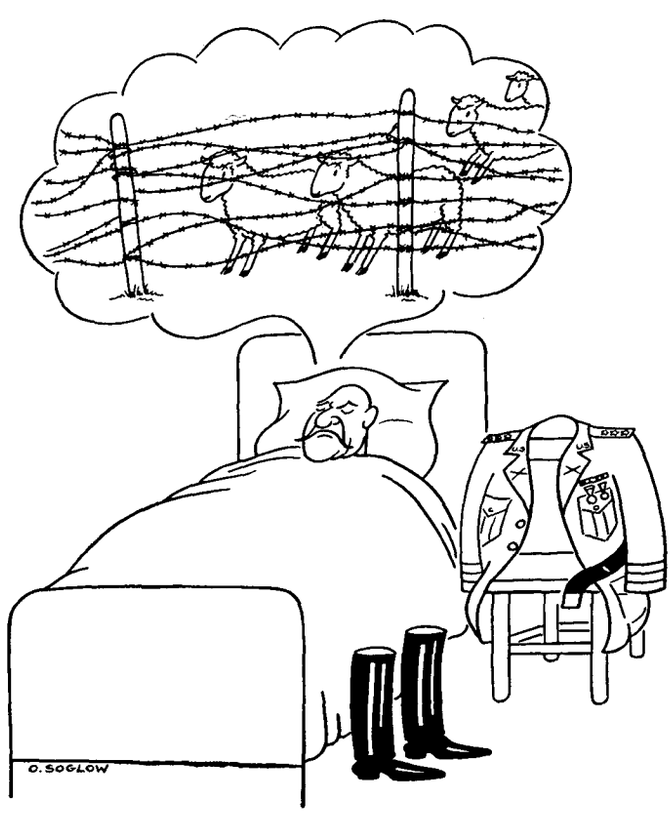
Both to Wolfeians and non-Wolfeians the most interesting pages of "The Hills Beyond" may prove, though for different reasons, to be not anything Wolfe himself wrote but the thoughtful, fact-packed note on his creative technique by Edward C. Aswell, the Harper editor who worked with Wolfe during the final years of his life and to whose hands was committed the bulk of Wolfe's posthumous manuscripts. Mr. Aswell tells us a great deal about how Wolfe worked, and what he tells is not publicity handouts but genuine information. He explains why the two posthumous novels are so uneven in style and texture. He annotates each of the stories in the newest volume. And, finally, he does his level best to back up his conviction that when Wolfe died "he had just come into the fullness of his powers."

It is a conviction a great many people are going to share. One already senses the formation of a Wolfe cult, perfectly sincere and perfectly rhapsodical in its admiration, a cult whose *élan* has been stepped up manyfold by the tragically premature death of its hero. It is a conventional belief that Keats, had he lived, would have developed into another Shakespeare. By that token, perhaps Wolfe will in time become a sort of American Keats. The materials for legend-making are all there; indeed, Wolfe's personality was far more colorful than Keats' was, and its color was not so subtle that it could defy general appreciation.

Mr. Aswell is certain that in several of the stories in this last book, notably the title piece, there is revealed the new, "objective" Wolfe, the grown-up Wolfe, who had ceased being "a romantic rebel in revolt against life" and was about to become "the brother of all men living and a seeker after more perfect union with life." I confess I cannot trace this metamorphosis. It is true that some of the sketches are pleasantly free of that barbaric egotism Santayana found so distasteful in Whitman, but it is a far cry from this mild objectivity to the Tolstoyan humanism Mr. Aswell sees in the later Wolfe.

Wolfe's stuff is mainly "I" stuff. His ego provided him with most of his material, but not with his best material. His least successful characters are his literary selves, Eugene Gant and George Webber. His most successful ones are those who, like Nebraska Crane, the extraordinary Cherokee ballplayer, were complete inventions. Similarly, in this volume the best story is a Civil War battle piece, "Chickamauga," in which Wolfe is not trying to express the universe but is only telling a strange, bloody, thrilling tale. So superb is this job that one wonders how the same brain could have conceived "On Leprechauns," a bit of Irish-baiting so childish that one blushes at it.

People have made up their minds about Wolfe, and this volume will not cause them to alter their opinions. It does not alter mine—that Thomas Wolfe had unique gifts of vocabulary, passion, and energy and that he had two major defects. One of these was a plain lack of intelligence, the other an inability to view himself with humor. He was a wonderful writer. It is hard to think him a great one.



JUST as there are no dull books about ants, so there are no dull books, or very few, about mountain-climbing. James Ramsey Ullman's "High Conquest" does not pretend to the classic qualities of the works of G. W. Young or Sir William Martin Conway, but I should put it down among the finest popular histories (at least in English) of its subject that I am familiar with and as a sound job of narrative in its own right. The photographs are almost as good as the text.

It begins where modern mountaineering begins, with the Alps, tells once again the unbelievable tale of Edward Whymper's ascent (successful on the eighth try) of the Matterhorn, and gives the highlights of the career of A. F. Mummery, the stolid English businessman who, with ice axe in hand, became an entirely different personality. There's a fine chapter on the conquest of the Caucasus mountains and an even better one on our own Mount McKinley, scaled at last by a heroic archdeacon who literally cut three miles of staircase in the ice before he reached the summit. Mr. Ullman gives proper attention to other parts of the world—the Andes, Africa (there is the extraordinary story of the Duke of the Abruzzi and his victory over Mount Ruwenzori), South America, Scandinavia, and the South Seas.

But the grand climaxes, of course, occur in the terrible heights of the Himalayas: the man-killing peak

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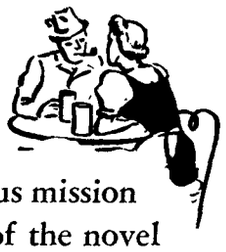

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of Nanga Parbat, the ascent of Nanda Devi (the highest peak so far climbed), the tragic assaults on Kanchenjunga, and, greatest of all, the fight, not yet won, to scale the king of mountains, Everest.

"Why do you try to climb this mountain?" a friend asked George Leigh-Mallory, the hero of Everest. Mallory replied, "Because it is there." Once, after he had ascended another peak, Mallory asked himself "Have we vanquished an enemy?" and answered, "None but ourselves." Perhaps the secret lies there. Mountaineering, engaged in almost exclusively by highly intelligent men, is one of the few sports that encourage the expansion of genuine emotion, the sort of reaction that Hemingway would like us to think we should get out of watching the ritualized slaughter of bullfighting. The purity of mountaineering derives not alone from its non-commercial character but from the simple elements the climber deals with ("hard rock, thin air, a rope"), from the non-competitive quality of the victories it offers, from the near-mystical exaltation a great peak always evokes. It is the only sport that has produced not merely a literature but literature. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

"THE VIKING BOOK OF POETRY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD," chosen and edited, with a preface, by Richard Aldington, is 1,272 pages over all and runs from Beowulf (A.D. 600) to a young American born in 1914. It differs from "The Oxford Book of English Verse" in not being composed entirely, in Quiller-Couch's phrase, of "numbers either lyrical or epigrammatic." Following the editorial example of Charles Williams, Mr. Aldington has included long poems, dramatic passages, and satire, and has planned a "general, popular, and aesthetic" compilation.

Mr. Aldington's preface is business-like and rather blustering. He has well-marked prejudices and states them plainly. He wants to steer clear of both "the highbrow" and the crankiness of "personal" choice. It is only fair to check this "completely new basic anthology of . . . poetry of the English language" against the best modern non-personal anthologies in English: "The Oxford Book of English Verse" (revised edition, 1940), "The New Book of English Verse," edited by Charles Williams and others (1936), and Gerald Bullett's "The English Galaxy of Shorter Poems," now in Everyman's Library.

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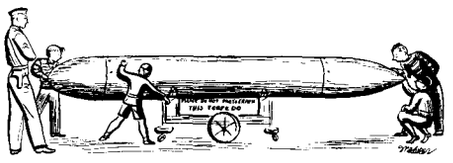
After such a comparison one comes to the conclusion that Aldington has done a workmanlike job. He has used practical methods and achieved practical results. His anthology, up to the modern section, is remarkably complete, the list of unforgivable omissions is not long, and he has included little rubbish. His chief faults are a certain lack of taste and an opacity to the underlying currents of a period. These drawbacks come out clearly in his Victorian and modern choices. He is competent, but generally misses the heart of the matter. As for being "completely new," Aldington's anthology and the control volumes, up to the point of dealing with modern times, agree in all important respects.

There is much to help us in estimating poetry distant from us in time; the great nineteenth-century English studies are to hand as guides for both major and minor figures. Even turns of fashion cannot alter some fundamental excellences. What the modern anthologist needs is imagination and insight. The modern temper has been all in the direction of deeper understanding and wider sympathy. We have had, as modern anthologists and critics, men of profound spiritual apprehension, men with the artist's gift of unexpected choice and with taste both idol-smashing and creative (Charles Williams, Yeats, Auden, Eliot, and Pound). Modern taste inclines not to the moral, the elevating, or the didactic but to complex thought in intense form, true sincerity, bitter satire, the elegant, and the unaffected. Aldington, fundamentally, caters to no such taste. He sticks to Spenser and Swinburne. He eliminates the bitter, satiric side of Blake and Byron. He denies Cowper his delicate sentiment, excludes Crabbe, is unimaginative with Herbert, almost overlooks Clare, and tends to leave out the intenser religious side of everyone. On the other hand, he includes Oscar Wilde and D. H. Lawrence, both excluded from the "Oxford Book." Moreover, though he cuts Keats and Wordsworth in the wrong places, does not seem to realize that the Irish have produced anyone but Yeats, and bars Tagore (whom Gide thought important enough to translate into French) from membership in the English-speaking world, he sometimes surprises us with a complete version of a rare poem



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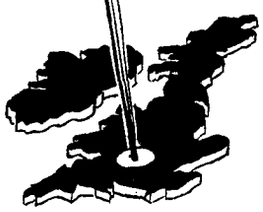

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and he appreciates Christopher Smart's great "Song to David."

Aldington thinks the nineteenth century was a peak and that we have been descending from it. But his choices from Browning, Tennyson, Hardy, Yeats, and Hopkins are uniformly uninspired; more perceptive selection would have proved other things. How old-fashioned this notion of peaks and valleys is! And, in dealing with American poetry, Aldington's timidity is absolute. American poetry is a shy phenomenon, a fact not generally known by outsiders. At this point in its development some of the best of it is almost anonymous, hidden either with the obscure creator of one or two fine poems or in the folk song. Aldington excludes Negro spirituals and American ballads. He is so timid that he even leaves out Vachel Lindsay, and has perhaps never heard of Trumbull Stickney. He is rather stingy with Eliot and almost erases Auden in favor of one of Auden's most inveterate imitators.

The book has a good bibliography, and the publishers make the impressive and valuable point that all the living contributors have been paid. This is justifiably a volume for the anthology shelf. But it should have, as neighbors, all the "personal" modern anthologies one can acquire in order that an interesting balance between the "general, popular, and aesthetic" and the often profoundly revealing idiosyncratic be kept.

A TRUE personal anthology is "The Golden Treasury of Scottish Poetry," compiled by Hugh Macdiarmid. Macdiarmid is a contemporary of the younger English school. His introduction is a fine, delightfully written piece of special pleading for the unappreciated literary treasures of Scots and Scottish Gaelic literature past and present. He looks toward that literature's future. The material, in spite of language difficulties, is enchanting, and it is well arranged in non-chronological order. There are interesting notes and a helpful glossary. —LOUISE BOGAN

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THE GREAT BIG DOORSTEP, by E. P. O'Donnell. A rich, roistering, indelicate, and amusing story of the Mississippi Delta country. The Crochet family live in a shack on the riverbank; when the doorstep of a mansion floats by one day, they rescue it and determine to get a house to match it. A cross between "Life on

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the Mississippi" and "God's Little Acre." Highly recommended.

BACKBONE OF THE HERRING, by Curtis Bok. Mr. Bok offers this book as fiction, yet, since he himself is a judge, these random recollections, case histories, and reflections upon justice by a fictional judge must have a definite factual basis. They are human and interesting, as case histories are likely to be, and the idea of justice they illustrate is a noble one, if somewhat difficult to set down. A very readable book.

MRS. DORATT, by John Erskine. In this story, Mr. Erskine, appearing in person and under his own name as an itinerant literary lecturer, tells about a woman who hears one of his talks. She is grave, mysterious, and composed. She also has a past. Gradually, with considerable help from coincidence, her character and her life are revealed. Clever and pleasantly literate.

PROCEED, SERGEANT LAMB, by Robert Graves. The second, and concluding, novel describing the adventures of Roger Lamb, sergeant in the British Army during the American Revolution. The Sergeant's adventures include prison, escape, and various exciting military engagements. Mr. Graves is intelligent, sensible, and matter-of-fact.

CORPORAL CAT, by Martin Flavin. The story of a young German parachutist who unwittingly comes down, by mistake, in his own country. He has time to recall most of the significant events of his life in Nazidom before his compatriots, who know only that a parachutist is at large in the German countryside, bring him to bay and kill him. The material is familiar enough, but Mr. Flavin presents it simply and touchingly.

THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER, by Fletcher Pratt and L. Sprague de Camp. A modern scientist, by means of a couple of formulas and some hocus-pocus, projects himself into another world. It turns out to be the world of Scandinavian mythology, with gods, giants, and whatnots all over the place. Entertaining and ingenious until the authors, evidently believing that if a joke is good once it ought to go twice, send the young man into still another world, that of Spenser's "Faerie Queene." After that the book becomes rather labored.

SOPHIA, by St. John Ervine. A novel about life after death. Mr. Ervine's heroine dies of cancer on the first page. She sees herself being discov-

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ered dead, listens to the grief of her family, and goes to her own funeral. The wife and daughter of a clergyman, she is able to recall many arguments with her husband and father about religion and things in general. These discussions, lively, informed, and urbane, are the best part of the story.

ON TROUBLESOME CREEK, by James Still. More tales of the Kentucky mountain country, sharp, kindly, and authentic. Mr. Still has now twice proved that he can do episodic pieces of this sort handily; "River of Earth" was his first book. One wishes that he would buckle down and work all his stories together into a real novel.

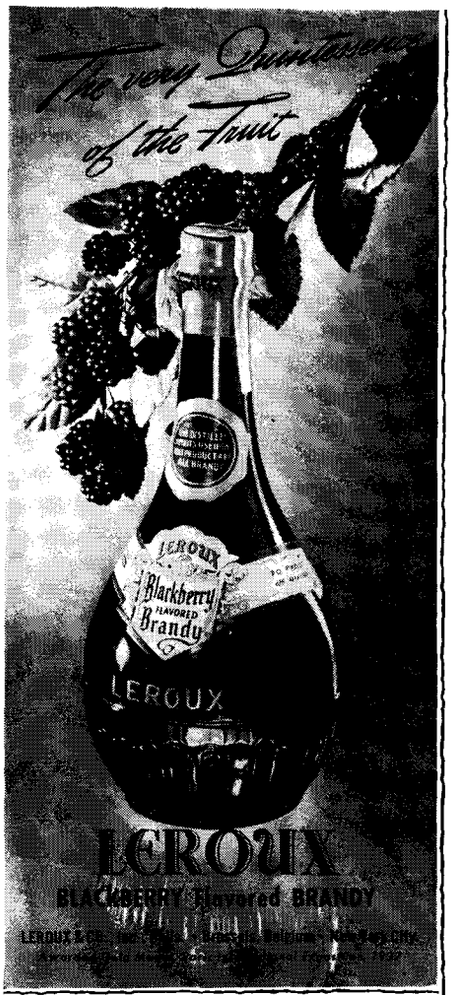
GENERAL

JOSEPH PULITZER AND HIS "WORLD," by James Wyman Barrett. An ample biography, covering the distinguished newspaper owner's Civil War experiences, his journalistic beginnings in St. Louis, the public-service crusades of his New York *World* newspapers, his tragic illness, and so on. Much new material, including a fresh account of those papers' decline and fall. Told in crisp news-room detail, with some practically unavoidable sentiment, by the last city editor of the morning *World*. Illustrated.

THAT DAY ALONE, by Pierre van Paassen. The author of the memorable "Days of Our Years" offers not a book but a medley, a curious mixture of childhood reminiscence, inside stuff on France just before the German break-through, semi-fictional sketches, mystical exhortation, first-hand descriptions of life in Holland under the German heel, and his interpretation of such semi-mysteries as the flight of Hess and the assassination of King Alexander. Often interesting, just as often merely puzzling.

TWO-WAY PASSAGE, by Louis Adamic. A report, realistic but not too discouraging, on the stresses and strains of racial antagonism in our country, plus a curious and rather exciting proposal for exporting democracy wholesale to Europe by shipping back, for limited periods, thousands of Americans of Continental stock. Sounds rather wild, but Mr. Adamic, who knows more about the melting-pot problem than most, may have something very big here.

CLARENCE DARROW FOR THE DEFENSE, by Irving Stone. Life of the great Chicago trial lawyer, whose career, seen in perspective, is something like a history of American social



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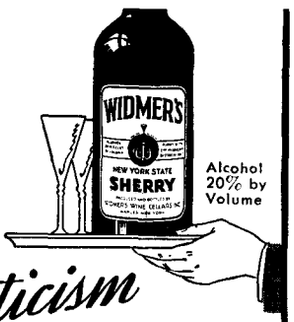

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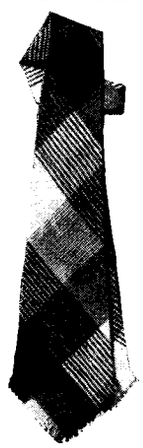

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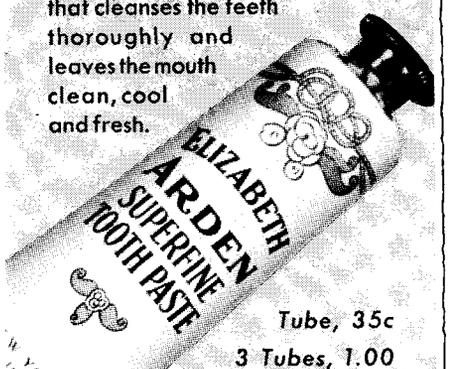

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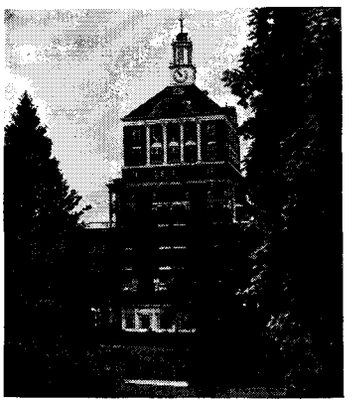

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THE HEART OF EUROPE, by Denis de Rougemont and Charlotte Muret. Intelligent, readable short study of the history, government, people, culture, and prospects of Switzerland, an ancient democracy that is also, as the authors point out, a successful European confederation in miniature and a pattern for the Continental reorganization that may follow the war.

A LOT OF INSECTS, by Frank E. Lutz. Engaging and not too elementary reports of entomological experiments carried out by the author (the well-known curator at the Museum of Natural History) in his suburban garden. You'll be surprised to find out what's going on in your back yard. Illustrated.

THE CRISIS OF OUR AGE, by Pitrim A. Sorokin. We are living, says the author, in a period of great though not catastrophic change, involving a shift away from a "sensate" culture (wine, women, and science) and toward an "ideational" culture (religion, ethical absolutes). A clear if not very simple statement, challenging but full of loose distinctions. Can it be that Professor Sorokin is just an old-fashioned moralist? Charts.

TIME EXPOSURE, by Cecil Beaton and Peter Quennell. The artistic (or merely chichi) fireworks of the last two decades—fashions, decoration, personalities, travel, fads, and such—recorded and criticized in 320 photographs, mostly nostalgic, by Mr. Beaton, plus a series of rather stern but enlightening commentaries by Mr. Quennell. Some war pictures.

TORCH AND CRUCIBLE, by Sidney J. French. The life, character, and times of Antoine Lavoisier, the great originator of the oxygen theory, friend of the du Ponts, "father of modern chemistry," and one of the widest-ranging intellects of his time. A sound biography that emphasizes Lavoisier's rôle as a man of affairs and his part in the history of his era.

ENGLAND, by Walter S. Hinchman. Short cultural history of the English people, in which the accent falls on literature, the theatre, science, architecture, customs, amusements, and so forth rather than on war and politics. An excellent and readable compilation, though some of the judgments are rather conventional. Maps and illustrations.

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

A PINCH OF POISON, by Frances and Richard Lockridge. A young lady dies of poisoning on the Ritz-Plaza Roof, and Mr. and Mrs. North worm their way into the police investigation. As well plotted as the other North mysteries and just as humorous, but this time the authors have gone in for a touch of creepiness as well.

THE STRANGE DEATH OF MANNY SQUARE, by A. B. Cunningham. Manny Square of Deer Lick County, in the Kentucky hills, a popular, hard-working fellow, is found dead with the print of a mule's shoe on his face. Manny was not quite popular enough, it seems, and his death was not accidental. Fine puzzle and excellent writing in this grim backwoods story.

•

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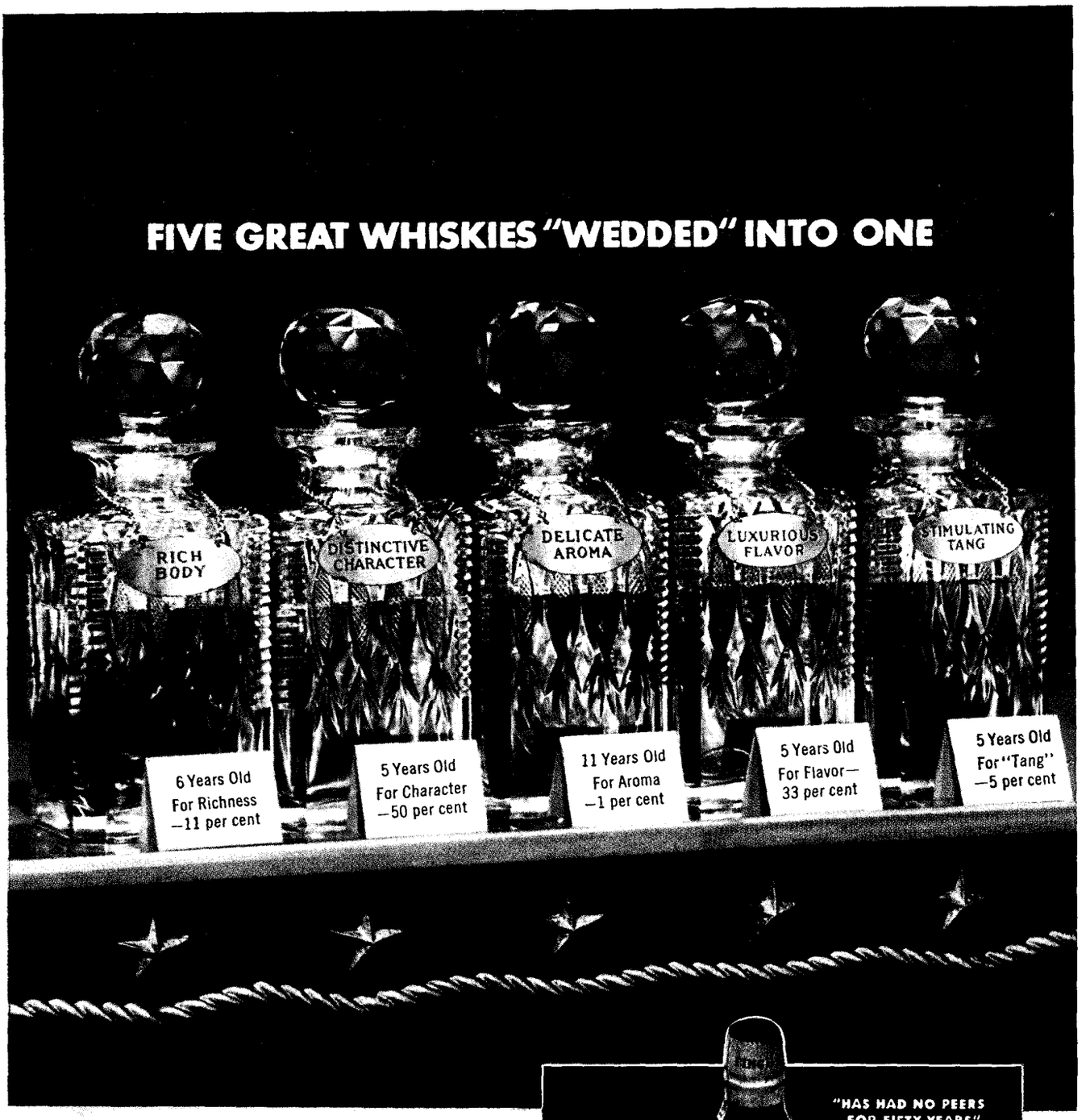
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